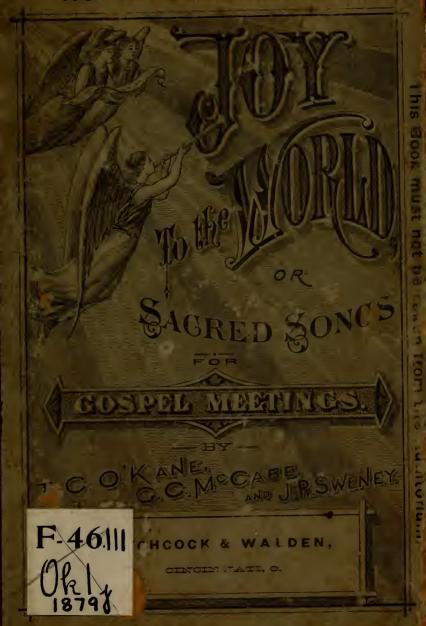
ACTON CAMP-MEETING.



to the Inst Cover-page.

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZ GERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division SCB Section 6730







MAR 26 1934

Joy to the World:

OR, ---

SACRED SONGS FOR GOSPEL MEETINGS.

T. C. O'KANE, C. C. M'CABE,

AND

JNO. R. SWENEY.

HITCHCOCK AND WALDEN,
Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis.
NEW YORK: PHILLIPS & HUNT.
1879.





- "The joy of the Lord is your strength."
- "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,"
- "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."
- "For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

We send forth this little volume, freighted with song, trusting that in the Social Meetings, in the Revivals and Camp-meetings of the Church, in the Sabbath-schools and at the Family Altars, it may prove a

J 10 Y TO THE WORLD!

in contributing something towards filling the earth with the melody of that name

"That charms our fears,
And bids our sorrows cease—
"T is music in the sinner's ears,
"T is life and health and peace."

T. C. O'KANE,

C. C. McCABE,

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Copyright, 1878, by T. C. O'KANE, C. C. McCabe, and JNO. R. SWENEY.



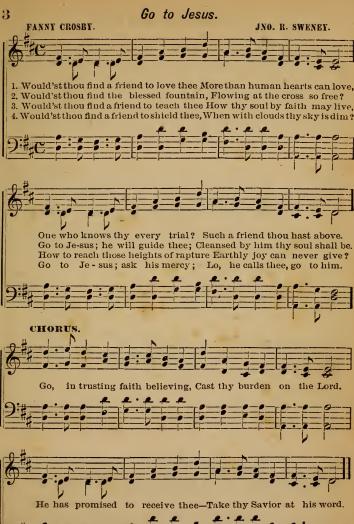


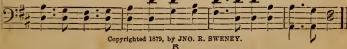
3 No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground: He comes to make his blessings flow, Far as the curse is found.

3

2 Cleft for Me. "As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." FANNY CROSSY. T. C. O'KANE. 1. Mighty Rock, whose towering form Looks above the frowning storm: 2. Of the springs that from thee burst Let me drink and quench my thirst: 3. Mighty Rock, the pilgrim's home, Refuge from the billow's foam, 4. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chilly breath, a - mid the desert waste, To thy shadow I haste. Weary, fainting, toil - oppressed, In thy shadow let me rest. Rock, by countless millions blest, In thy shadow let me rest. Rock, where all my hopes abide, In thy shadow let me hide. REFRAIN. flee: un - to Thee, Precious now A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself

Copyrighted 1879, by T. C. O'KANE.







1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone

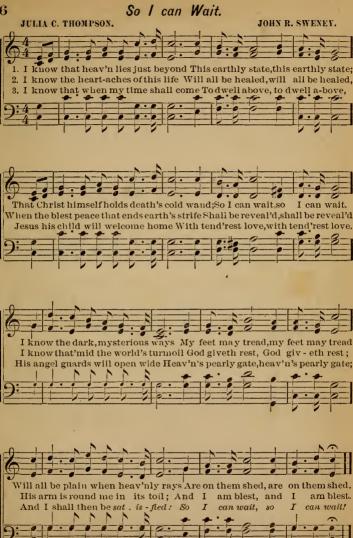
above! CHo.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hal-

lelujah! amen. Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again. 2 We praise thee, O God! for the Spirit of light,

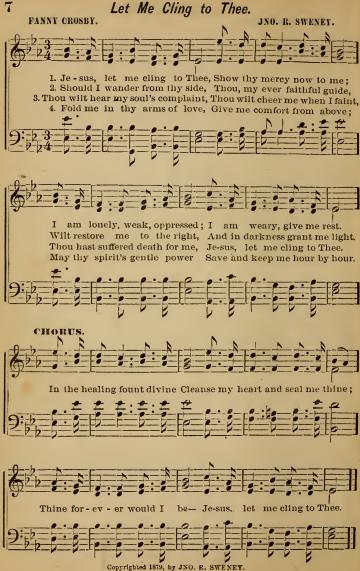
Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered our night.

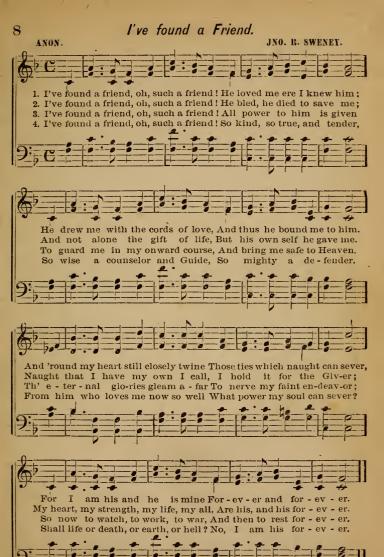
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb

that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.



Copyright, 1878, by JOHN R. SWENEY.





Copyrighted 1879, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."-Isaiah i. 18.



Copyrighted 1879, by T. C. O'KANE.

10

Praying for You.

1 I have a Savior, he's pleading in

A dear, loving Savior, though earthfriends be few: And now he is watching in tender-

ness o'er me, And oh that my Savior were your Savior too!

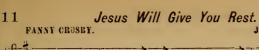
CHO. For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.
I have a peace: it is callm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew:

My Savior alone is its Author and Giver,

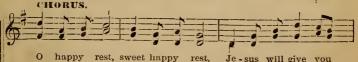
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

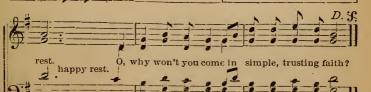
3 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story. That my loving Savior is your Savior too;

Then pray that your Savior may bring them to glory, And prayer will be answered — 'twas answered for you!



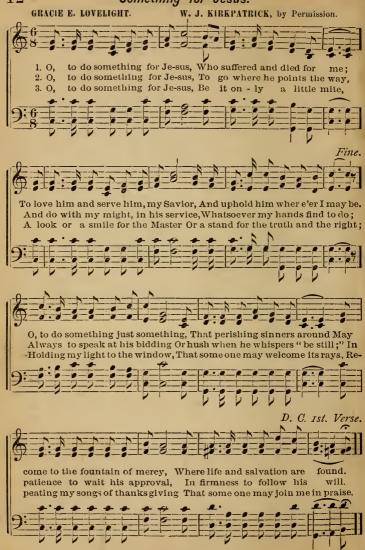


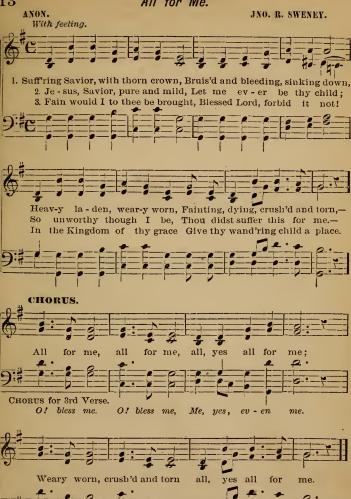




11

Copyrighted 1879 by JNO. R. SWENEY,

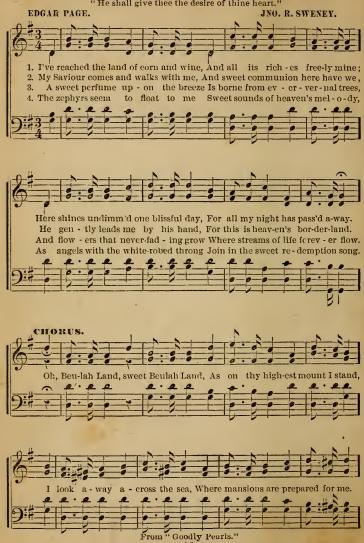




bless me, O! bless me, Me, yes, me. Copyrighted 1879, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

Beulah Land.

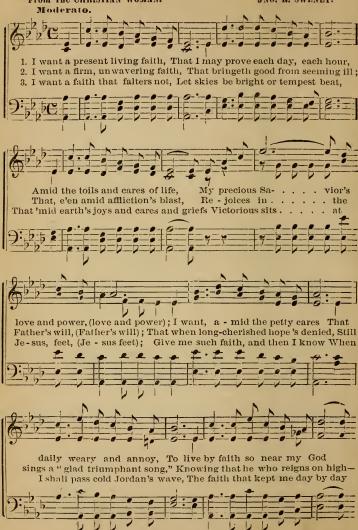
"He shall give thee the desire of thine heart."



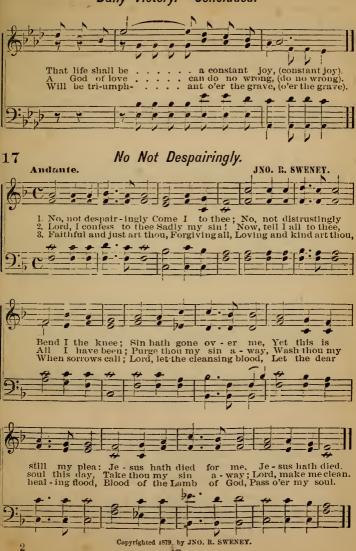


From The CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

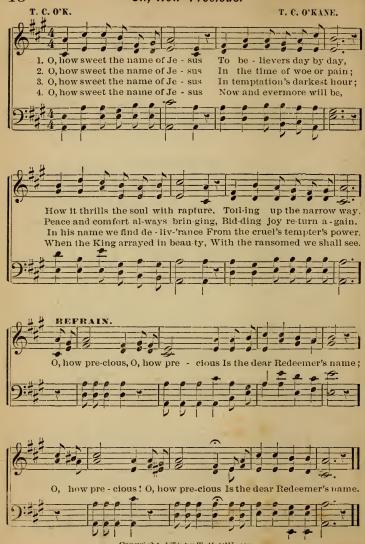


Daily Victory. Concluded.

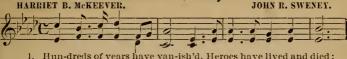


17



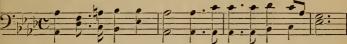






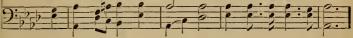
Hun-dreds of years have van-ish'd, Heroes have lived and died; Age af - ter age is roll - ing; Of eighteen hundred years, Sing it when I am dy - ing; Oh,may the last word be, Sing

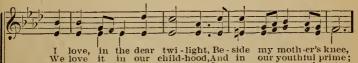
CHORUS. Tell me the old, oldsto - ry, Of him who loved me so;





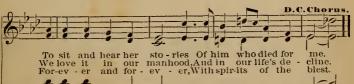
And yet the dear old The bless - ed name of me Hun-dreds of years a - go. Who died that he might save



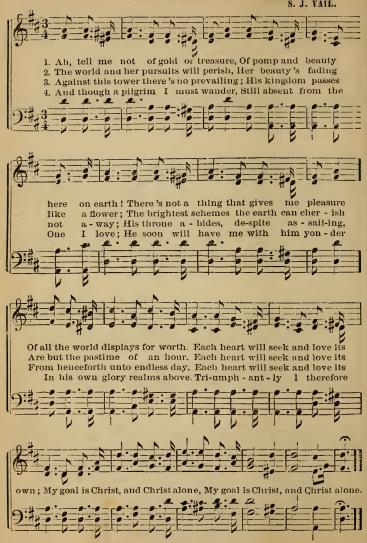


the dear twi-light, Be-side my moth-er's knee, in our child-hood, And in our youthful prime; then in heav-en, In our e-ter-nal rest, We love We'll sing then in

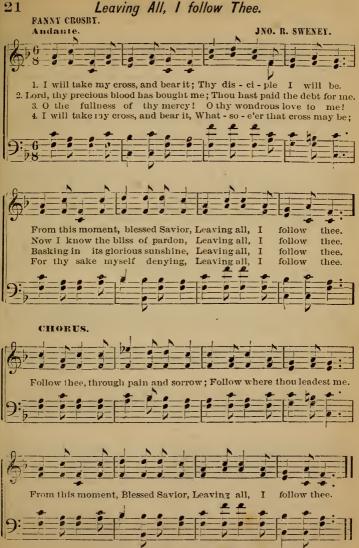


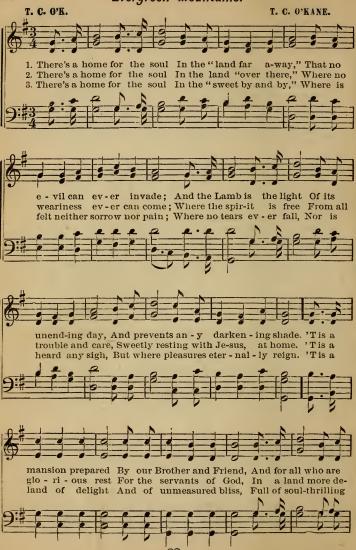


Copyright, 1878, by John R. Sweney.

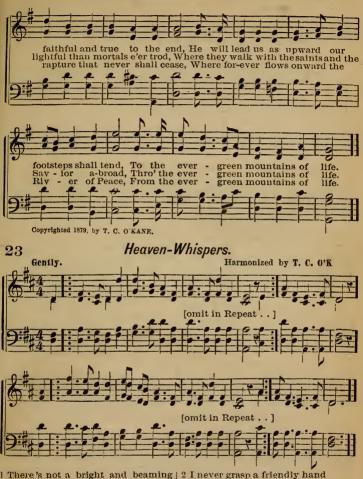








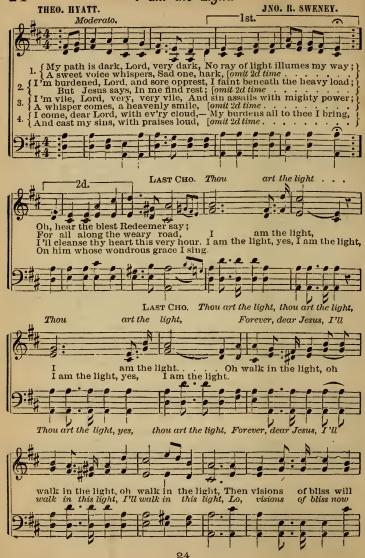
Evergreen Mountains. Concluded.



smile Which in the world I see, But turns my heart to future joy, And whispers "heaven" to me. Tho' often here my soul is sad, And falls the silent tear, There is a world where all are glad,

And sorrow dwells not there.

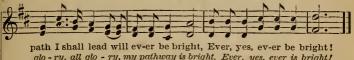
2 I never grasp a friendly hand In greeting or farewell, But thoughts of an eternal home Within my bosom swell.
A prayer to meet in heaven at last,
Where all the ransomed come, And where eternal ages still Shall find us all at home.



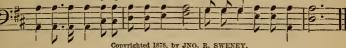
I am the Light. Concluded.



break on my sight, Break, now break, now break on my sight. It



glo - ry, all glo - ry, my pathway is bright, Ever, yes, ever is bright!



25 Nothing but Leaves.

1 Nothing but leaves! The spirit O'er years of wasted life; [grieves O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,

O'er vows and promises unkept, And reap from years of strife-

Nothing but leaves!

2 Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves,

Of life's fair ripening grain:

We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,-

Words, idle words, for earnest deeds,-Then reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves!

3 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet, And bring but withered leaves? Ah, who shall at the Savior's feet, Before the awful judgment-seat Lay down for golden sheaves, Nothing but leaves!

26 Ninety and Nine.

I There were ninety and nine that In the shelter of the fold, safely lay But one was out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of gold-Away on the mountains wild and care.

bare, Away from the tender Shepherd's 2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety

and nine:

Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer:
"'T is one of mine

Has wandered away from me: And although the road be rough and steep

I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew How deep were the waters crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through

Ere he found his sheep that was

lost.

Out in the desert he heard its cry-Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,

And up from the rocky steep, There rose a cry to the gate of heaven "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!" And the angels echoed around the throne, [his own!"

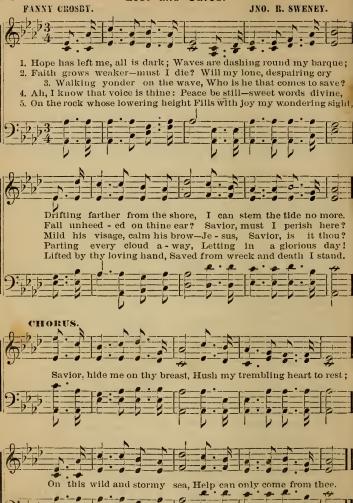
throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back

Beautiful River.

1 Shall we gather at the river Where bright angel feet have trod: With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?

2 On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray, We will walk and worship ever All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down; Grace our spirits will deliver And provide a robe and crown.

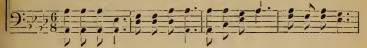


Beautiful Day.

By per. of E. M. BRUCE. Words and Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



- 1. Beautiful day, lovely thy light; Holy each ray, nothing like night:
- 2. Beautiful day, calm was thy dawn; Joyous the lay, blessed the morn,





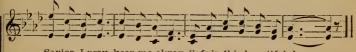
Cloudless thy sky; peaceful my stay Here in the sunlight of beautiful day. When in my heart, over my way, First shone the moontide of beautiful day.



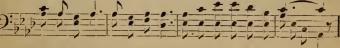


Beautiful, beautiful day, Evermore shine on my way, beautiful, beautiful day, Evermore shine on my way,

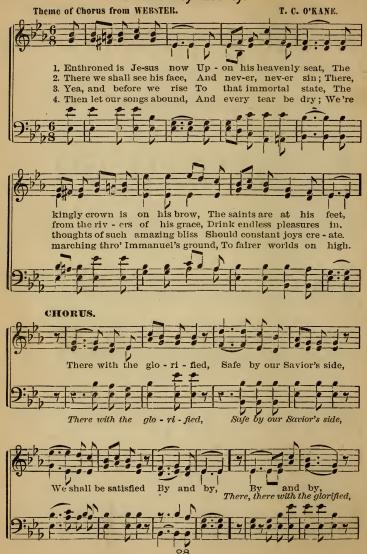




Savior, I pray, keep me alway, Safe in this beautiful day.



- 3 Beautiful day, perfectly bright;
 Jesus alway, boundless delight.
 Bliss all around, heav'n by the way.
 Shining in fullness, oh, beautiful
 day.
 CHO.
- 4 Beautiful day, haven of rest;
 Every one may come and be blest;
 Glory to God, naught can dismay;
 Christ is the light of this beautiful
 day.
 Cho.

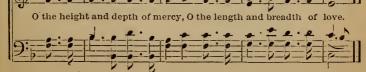


Satisfied By and by. Concluded.

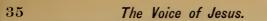


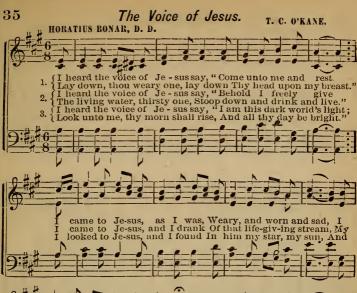


I Believe. Concluded. CHORUS. 2d. 1st. I believe, I believe; Help my unbelief, O Lord; Help my unbelief, O Lord. Give Me Jesus. 33 FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY. 1. Take the world, but give me Jesus—All its joys are but a name; 2. Take the world, but give me Jesus, Sweetest comfort of my soul; 3. Take the world, but give me Jesus, Let me view his constant smile; 4. Take the world, but give me Jesus; In his cross my trust shall be, But his love a- bi-deth ev - er, Through e-ternal years the same. With my Sa - vior watching o'er me I can sing, though billows roll. Then throughout my pilgrim journey Light will cheer me all the while. Till, with clearer, brighter vision, Face to face my Lord I see. Chorus. O the redemption, Pledge endless life above. CHORUS.



Copyrighted 1879, by JOHN R. SWENEY.







37

Beulah.

1 My latest sun is sinking fast,

My race is nearly run; My strongest trials now are past, My triumph is begun.

CHO. O come, angel band, Come and around me stand, O bear me away on your snowy To my immortal home. [wings

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks Of friends and kindred dear, For I brush the dews on Jordan's The crossing must be near. [banks,

3 O bear my longing heart to him Who bled and died for me; Whose blood now cleanses from all

And gives me victory. [sin,

Title Clear. 1 When I can read my title clear

To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

CHO. We will stand the storm, We will anchor by and by;

2 Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Satan's rage,

And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,

Let storms of sorrow fall.— So I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast,

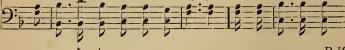


My journey toward home I It rolls and for - ev - er will As soon as the soul reaches When I on his throne take my His peace in my soul ov - er -

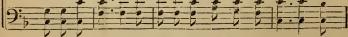
him know that in

38

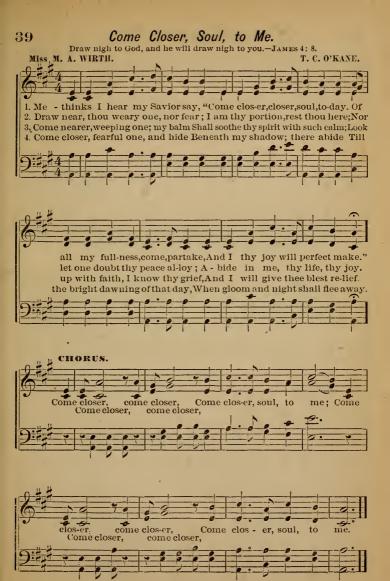
JAMES NICHOLSON.

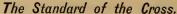


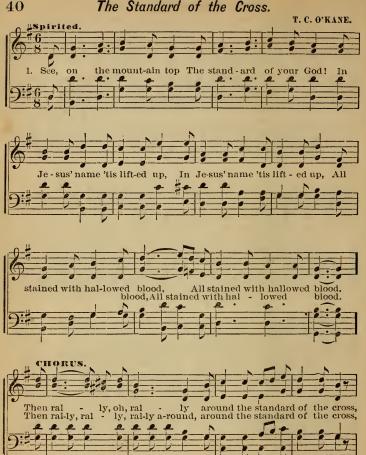
word he has spoken. My fears and my doubtings all cease;



Copyrighted 1879, by JNO. R. SWENEY.



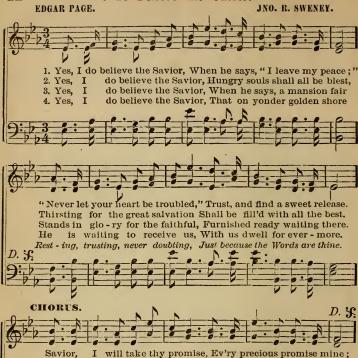




- 2 His standard-bearers now To all the nations call: To Jesus' cross, ye nations, bow; He bore the cross for all.
- 3 Go up with Christ your Head; Your Captain's footsteps see; Follow your Captain, and be led To certain victory.
- 4 All power to him is given; He ever reigns the same: Salvation, happiness, and heaven Are all in Jesus' name.
- 5 Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his mighty power, Who in the strength of Jesus trusts Is more than conqueror.







Copyrighted 1879, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

43 Toiling up the Way.

1 We are toiling up the way,

Narrow way, narrow way, We have journeyed many a day, Toward the kingdom.

Toward the distant shining land,

Golden land, golden land, Where the heavenly harpers stand In the kingdom.

CHO.—Still we sing, Christ our King Walks with us the weary way, And the shining angels wait, Angels wait, angels wait, To unbar the golden gate To the kingdom.

2 Though the journey may be long, Hard and long, hard and long, We will cheer it with a song

Of the kingdom.

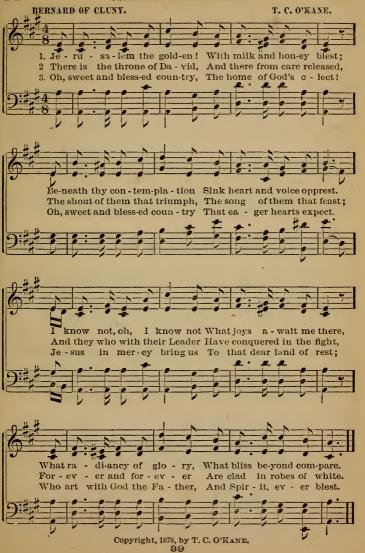
We shall enter by the cross, Blessed cross, blessed cross, Gaining gold that hath no dross, In the kingdom.

3 We shall know each other there, Over there, over there,

When our angel robes we wear In the kingdom.

All that's purest, holiest here, [dear, Grows more dear, grows more In the mansions drawing near, In the Kingdom.

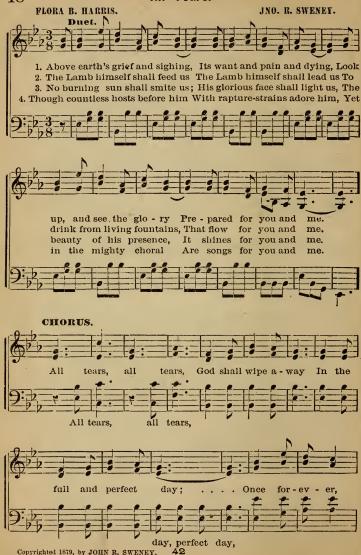






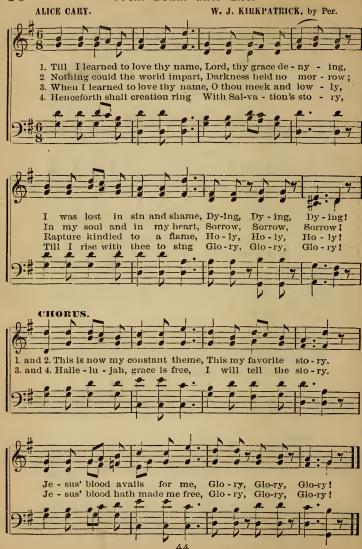
Published in Sheet Music, by JOHN CHURCH & CO.



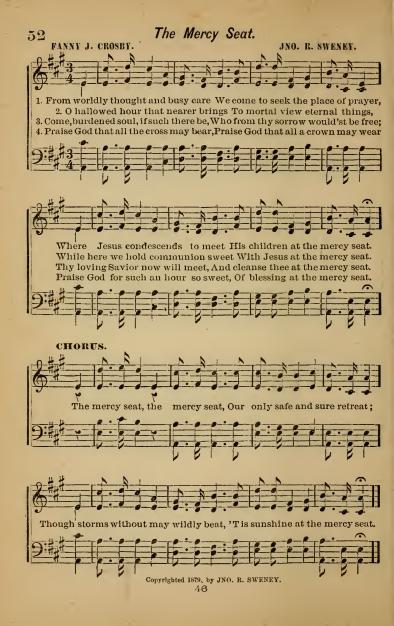


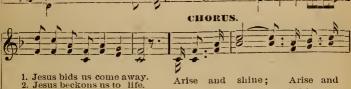
All Tears. Concluded.











2. Jesus beckons us to life. 3. Jesus in his mercy calls. Arise and shine;



shine:

53

Spirited.

Arise, thy light is come. Arise and shine, is come.

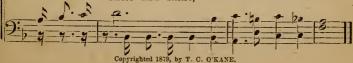
Arise and shine, A - rise and shine.

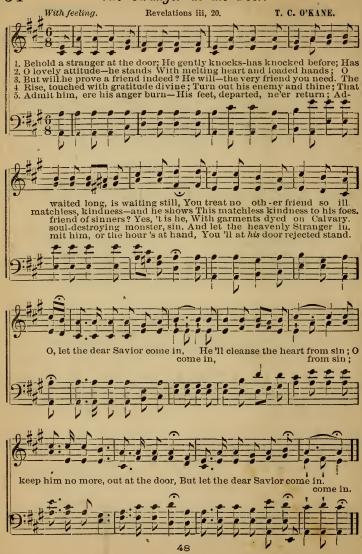




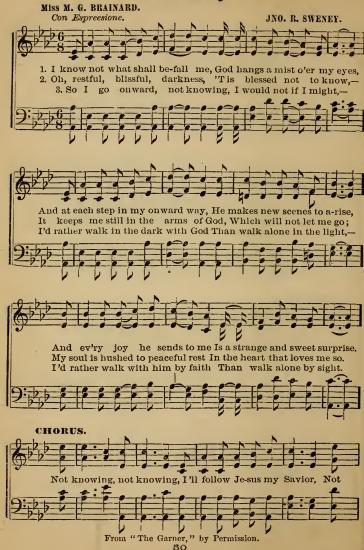
Arise and shine,

Thy glorious light is come. Arise and shine,



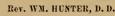


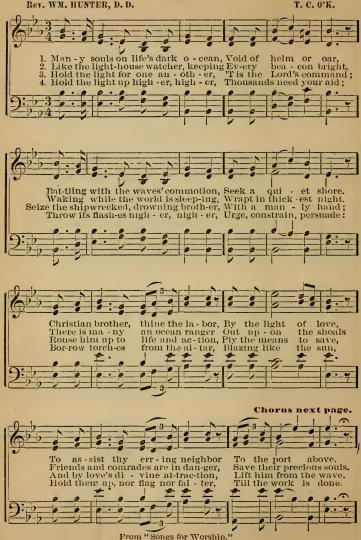


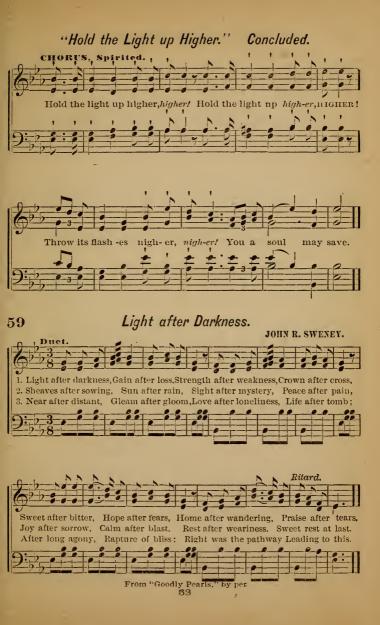


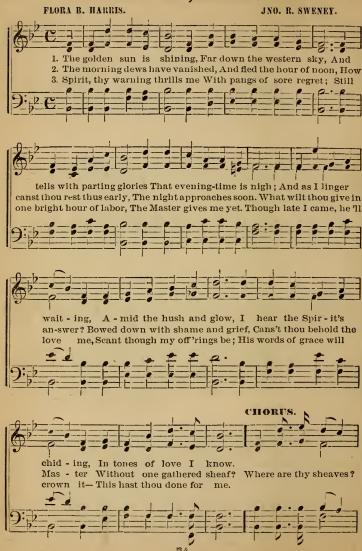
Not Knowing. Concluded.











Where are thy Sheaves? Concluded.

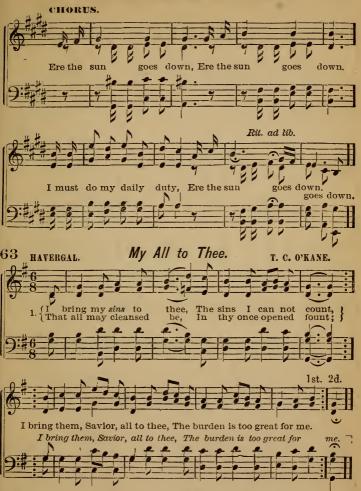


55

4 May I, till the voyage— All its perils past— Brings me safe to glory, Still be anchored fast.



Ere the Sun Goes Down. Concluded.

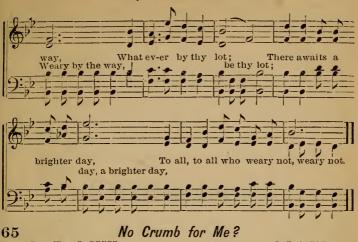


² My heart to thee I bring, The heart I can not read; A faithless, wand'ring thing— An evil heart indeed; I bring it, Savior, now to thee, That fixed and faithful it may be.

3 My life I bring to thee, I would not be my own; O Savior, let me be Thine, ever thine alone. My heart, my life, my all, I bring, To thee, my Savior and my King.



Weary Not. Concluded.



Rev. Wm. P. BREED.

J. E. GOULD.

- Passing, Lord, by vale and mountain, Highway, byway, thro' the land, Bringing wine from Calv'ry's fountain, Bread from God's free-giving hand.
 - 2 {On, dear Lord, pursue thy mission To the lost of Is -ra -el: Yet, give ear to my pe-tition, Pit-y-ing Im-man-u-el!
 - 3. {Wretched, wayworn, grief-o'ertaken, Low at thy kind feet I bow, Hun-gry, naked, blind, for-saken, Je-sus, feed me—feed me now! Cho. Feed me now, feed me now, Je - sus feed me-feed me now.



- 1 Lord I hear of showers of blessings Thou art scatt'ring full and free. Showers the thirsty land refreshing, Let some droppings fall on me. Even me.
- 2 Pass me not; thy lost one bringing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee; While the streams of love are [springing, Blessing others, O bless me. Even me.



Song Memories.



68 Beyond the River.

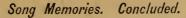
1 We shall meet beyond the river, By and by, by and by; And the darkness shall be over,

And the darkness shall be over, By and by, by and by; With the toilsome journey don

And the glorious battle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by. 2 There our tears shall all cease flow-By and by, by and by; [ing, And with sweetest rapture knowing,

By and by, by and by.
All the blest ones who have gone

To the land of life and song,— We with shoutings shall rejoin, By and by, by and by.





Copyrighted 1879, by S. J. Vail.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare; Jesus loves to answer prayer; He himself invites thee near. Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

2 Lord, I come to thee for rest: Take possession of my breast; There thy blood-bought right main-And without a rival reign.

- Encouragements to Pray. 3 While I am a pilgrim here, Let thy love my spirit cheer; As my guide, my guard, my friend, Lead me to my journey's end.
 - 4 Show me what I have to do: Every hour my strength renew; Let me live a life of faith. Let me die thy people's death.

Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest!

70

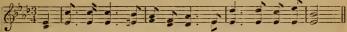
D.

We shall rest. by and by, In the mansious of the blest.

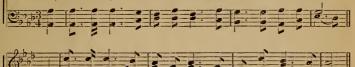
> Copyrighted 1879, by JNO. R. SWENEY. 62

Melody by permission of S. Brainard's Sons.

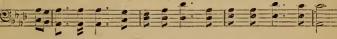
Arr. by T. C. O'KANE.



- 1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;
- 2. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall,
- 2. Oh, that with yon-der sacred throng We at his feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all. Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all. We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.





Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, Him Lord of lords, and King of kings, Let ev-'ry na-tion call;



Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

To him all ma - jes - ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.

From heav'n to earth the chorus rings, "Yea, crown him Lord of all."



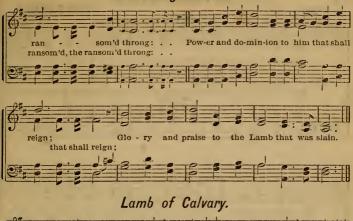
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

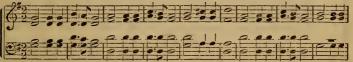
To him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.

From heav'n to earth the chorus rings, "Yea, crown him Lord of all."



The New Song. Concluded.





73 Before the Cross.

1 My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary: Savior divine, Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be— A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my Guide; Bid darkness turn to day; Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream; When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Savior, then in love, Fear and distress remove;

O, bear me safe above,—A ransom'd soul.

1 Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend; Come and thy people bless, And give thy word success; Spirit of holiness, On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter, Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour; Thou who Almighty art, Now rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power.





Copyright, 1878, by John R. Sweney.

As Pants the Hart. Concluded.



76 He Leadeth Me.

1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought! Oh, words with heavenly comfort Whate'er I do, where'er I be, [fraught! Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me!
His faithful foll'wer I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur nor repine— Content, whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

3 And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

77 What Shall the Harvest Be?*
I Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light.

Sowing the seed in the solemn night; Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHORUS.

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or sown in our Gathered in time or eternity, [might, Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die, Sowing the seed where the thorns will

Sowing the seed on the fertile soil; Oh, what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed with an aching heart, Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start.

Sowing in hope till the reapers come, Gladly to gather the harvest home; Oh, what shall the harvest be?

78 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, Sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne

Make all my wants and wishes known;

* Bliss's music, owned by S. Brainards' Sons.

In seasons of distress or grief, My soul has often found relief, And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer,
Sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

9 To-day.

1 To-day the Savior calls; Ye wanderers, come; Oh, ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls; Oh. listen now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.

3 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away;
"Tis mercy's hour.

80 What For Me?

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

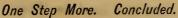
2 My Father's house of light— My glory-circled throne, I left, for earthly night, For wanderings sad and lone: I left, I left it all for thee: Hast thou left aught for me?

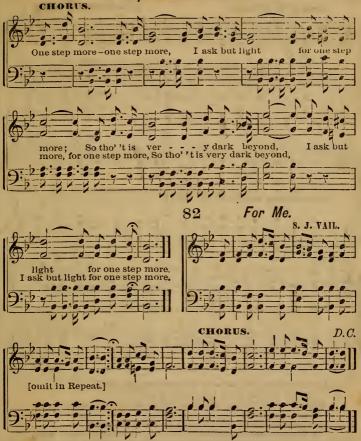
3 And I have brought to thee.

Pown from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;

My pardon and my love; 1 bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?







1 ALAS: and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

CHO. Jesus died for you, Jesus died for me, Yes. Jesus died for all mankind, Bless God, salvation's free.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done. He groan'd upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

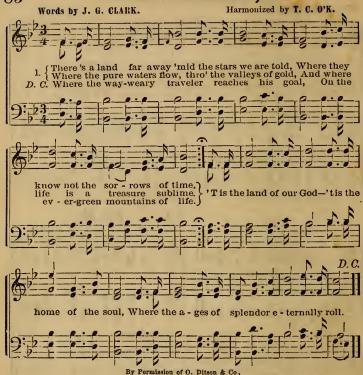
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,

And shut his glories in, When Christ, the mighty Maker, died, For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I give myself away,—

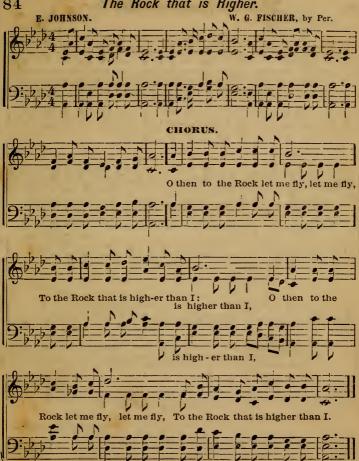
T is all that I can do.



2 Here our gaze can not soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss;
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned,
When we faint in the deserts of this.
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose
When our hearts have been rent with temptations and woes,
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the ever-green mountains of life.

8 Oh the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod;
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
But we feel the bright smile of our God.
We are traveling home thro' earth's changes and gloom,
To a region where pleasures unchangingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines thro' the tomb,
From the ever-green mountains of life.





1 Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, | But toiling in life's dusty way, And rough seems the path to the | The Rock's blessed shadow goal, And sorrows, how often they sweep

Like tempests down over the soul.

2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the And sometimes how heavy my feet;

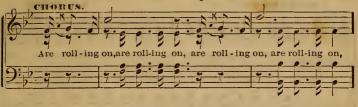
The Rock's blessed shadow, ho Cho. sweet!

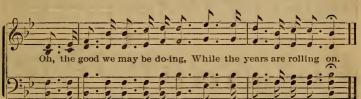
3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sorrows prevail; Or climbing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shadowy vale.

Cho.-Then quick, &c.



While the Years are Rolling On. Concluded.





86

The Creat Cift.

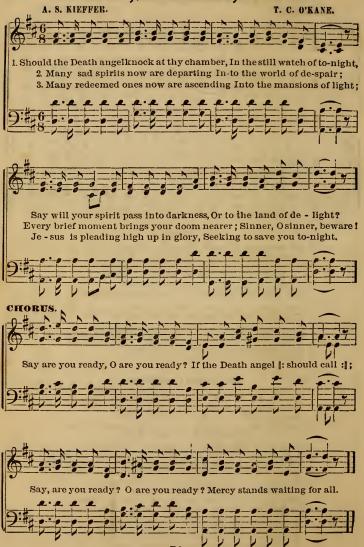
- All glory and praise to Jesus our Lord, So plenteous in grace, and so true to his word.
 Cho.—Hallelujah, thine the glory! hallelujah, amen! Hallelujah, thine the glory! revive us again.
- 2 To us he hath given the gift from above— The earnest of heaven, the Spirit of love.—*Cho.*
- 3 Ye all may receive, on Jesus who call, The gift of his Spirit, 'tis proffered to all.—Cho.
- 4 The peace and the power, ye sinners, embrace, And look for the shower—the Spirit of grace.—Cho.
- 5 The Giver and gift we all may receive, Forever and ever within us to live.—Cho.

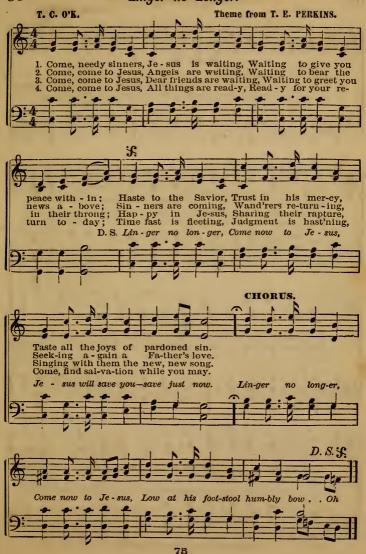
87

How Firm a Foundation.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said, You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- CHO.—Oh, sing of his mighty love, sing of his mighty love, Sing of his mighty love, mighty to save.
- 2 Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed; I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.—Cho.
- 3 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.—Cho.
- 4 When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient. shall be thy supply: The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.—Cho.

79



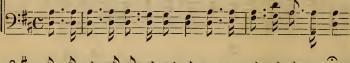


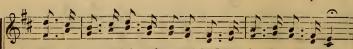


JNO. R. SWENEY.



- 1. There's a fountain, precious fountain, Ever flowing deep and wide,
- 2. Precious fountain, mercy brought me, Helpless, to its crimson stream;
- 3. In that fountain ye who languish, 'Neath the heavy chain you bear,





Opened once on Calvary's mountain, In my dear Redeemer's side. On a desert wild she sought me, Cheered me with her loving beam, Plunge, and lose your weight of anguish; Rise eternal life to share.





All who come in faith believing, All who plunge beneath its wave, Precious fountain, I can never Tell the peace its waves impart, With a lowly contrite spirit, Tell the Savior all your woe,





Endless life are now receiving, From the Lord who died to save. How it saves me, now and ever, Fills with constant joy my heart. Plead in faith his gracious merit—He will wash you white as snow.



Copyrighted 1879, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

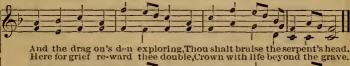


2 Sllent night! hallowed night! On the plain wakes the strain. Sung by heavenly harbingers bright, Filled with tidings of boundless | Jesus, the Savior, has come. | [delight.]

3 Silent night! hallowed night! Earth, awake! silence break! High your chorus of melody raise, Sing to heaven in anthems of praise, | Peace forever shall reign...|







* Small notes may be sung by Soprano, omitting Tenor.

94

Clorious Things. 1 Glorious things of thee are spoken, 2 Round each habitation hovering,

Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can not be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode;

On the Rock of ages founded,

What can shake thy sure repo e? With salvation's wall surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See the cloud and fire appear! For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:

He who gives us daily manna, He who listens when we cry, Let him hear the loud hosanna Rising to his throne on high.

Copyright, 1878, by JOHN R. SWENEY.



The Lord is my Light. Concluded.



96 I Love to Tell the Story.

1 I love to tell the story Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and his glory, Of Jesus and his love. I love to tell the story Because I know 'tis true: It satisfies my longings. As nothing else can do.

CHORUS:

I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in glory To tell the old, old story Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 I love to tell the story: More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the story, It did so much for me, And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee. - Cho.
- 3 I love to tell the story; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the New, New Song, 'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY That I have loved so long .- Cho.

97 Keep on Praying,

1 Long my spirit pined in sorrow, Watching, waiting all in vain; Waiting for the golden morrow, Free from worldly care and pain. When I heard a sweet voice saying, In the accents of a friend, Cheer up, brother; "Keep on praying," Keep on praying to the end.

2 Ye who sigh for holy pleasures, Ye who mourn your load of sin, "Keep on praying;" heav'nly treasures 3 Oh, if there's only one song I can

In the end you're sure to win.
Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
Lay your treasures at his feet;
Plead with faith in Calvary's story, Till your joys are all complete.

98 What a Friend.

l What a friend we have in Jesus. All our sins and griefs to bear: What a privilege to carry Every thing to God in prayer. Oh, what peace we often forfeit! Oh, what needless pain we bear! All because we do not carry Every thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share! Jesus knows our every weakness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care? Precious Savior, still our refuge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer; In his arms he'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a solace there.

Jesus Loves Even Me.

l Jesus loves me, and I know I love him,

It was love brought him my soul to redeem :

Yes it was love made him die on the

Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.

CHORUS:

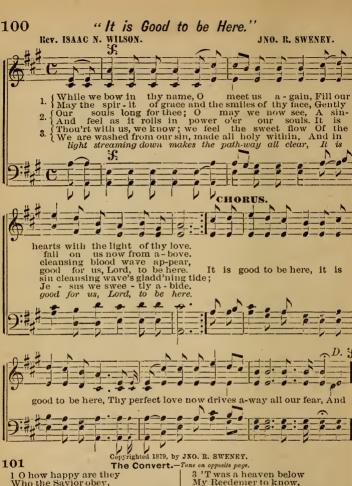
I am so glad that Jesus loves me. Jesus loves even me.

2 In this assurance I find sweetest rest; Trusting in Jesus I know I am blest; Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee.

When I just tell him that Jesus loves

sing, When in his beauty I see the great King:

This shall my song in eternity be, Oh, whata wonder that Jesus loves me.



Who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures
Tougue can never express [above;

The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine, When the favor divine [Lamb; I received through the blood of the When my heart first believed,

What a joy I received — What a heaven in Jesus' name?

This may be sung also to the tune on this page, by using double stanzas.

And the angels could do nothing more

Than to fall at his feet,

4 Jesus, all the day long,

He hath loved me, I cried.

To redeem even rebels like me.

He hath suffer'd and died,

Was my joy and my song: O that all his salvation might see;

And the story repeat, And the Lover of sinners adore. JOSEPH SWAIN.

Harmonized by T. C. O'K.



takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,

My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all!

2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love? Say why in the valley of death should I weep, Or alone in the wilderness rove?

30 why should I wander an alien from thee, Or cry in the desert for bread?

Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

103 I need Thee Now.

1 I need thy presence, Lord, In every hour, To be my constant shield

From Satan's power.

CHO.—I need thee, dearest Savior, Even now I need thee; O ever grant this favor, "Abide with me."

2 I need thy guidance, Lord, Through every day, To guide my feet along Life's devious way.

3 I need thy spirit, Lord, Yes, all the time, To show in word and deed That I am thine.

4 I need thy pardon, Lord;
Bestow it now,
While at the mercy seat I humbly bow.

1 O thou, in whose presence my soul | 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen

The star that on Israel shone? Say, if in your tents my Beloved

has been, And where with his flocks he is gone. 5 He looks! and ten thousands of

angels rejoice, And myriads wait for his word:

He speaks! and eternity filled with his voice Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

6 Dear Shepherd! I hear and will follow thy call:

I know the sweet sound of thy voice: Restore and defend me, for thou art my all, And in thee I'll ever rejoice.

104 Only in the Cross.

1 On the cross the Savior's blood Flowed for our salvation. Streaming forth, a healing tide, Unto every nation.

Сно.—" God forbid! God forbid I should ever glory Saving in the cross of Christ,"-Cross of sacred story.

2 On the cross the Savior paid All that I was owing, Thanks for such a priceless gift In my heart are glowing.

3 On the cross the Savior spoke
Many sins forgiven,
Then the pardoned sinner bore
With him into heaven.

4 Precious Savior, blessed cross! Always keep before me; All along the path of life, Throw thy shadow o'er me.

Assurance.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."-John iii, 36.







107 The Home of the Soul.

1 I will sing you a song of that beau- | 3 That unchangeable home is for you tiful land.

The far away home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the

glittering strand, While the years of eternity roli.

2 O that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams

Its bright jasper walls I can see, Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes

Between the fair city and me.

and for me, Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;

The King of all kingdoms forever is he, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

4 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!

With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,

To meet one another again.



Zi - on, Zi-on, Warn.





110 Accepted in the Beloved.

1. All praise to the Lamb! now accepted I am, Through faith in the Saviour's adorable name.

CHO.—Hallelujah, 'tis done! I believe on the Son, I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One.

2. In him I confide, for his blood is applied; For me he hath suffered, for me he hath died.—Cho.

3. No doubt doth arise now to darken the skies, Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine eyes .- Cho.

4. In him I am blest, and I lean on his breast,
And lo! in his wounds I continue to rest.—Cho.

Copyright, 1878. by T. C. O'KANE.

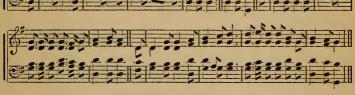
Triumph By and By.

"I press toward the mark."-PHIL. 3:14.

111

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER. be-fore us, To win, his words implore 2. We'll fol-low where he lead-eth, We'll pasture where he feed - eth, 3. Our home is bright a - bove us, No tri - als dark to move us, The eye of God is o'er us, From on high, from on high; His loving We'll yield to him who pleadeth From on high, from on high; Then naught from But Jesus, dear, to love us, There on high, there on high; We'll give him tones are call-ing, While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing; 'Tis him shall sev - er, Our hope shall brighten ev - er, And faith shall best en-deav - or, And praise his name for - ev - er; His CHORUS. gen - tly call-ing, He is nigh, he is nigh. us nev-er. He is nigh, he is nigh. By and by we shall Nev-er die, nev-er die. ones can nev-er. meet him, By and by we shall greet him, And with Jesus reign in 88





1 What means this eager, anxious throng,

Which moves with busy haste along; These wondrous gath'rings day by day?

What means this strange commotion, pray?

||: In accents hushed the throng reply, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.":||

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should he The city move so mightily? A passing stranger, has he skill To move the multitude at will? #: Again the stirring tones reply, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.":

3 Jesus! 'tis he who once below Man's pathway trod 'mid pain and woe;

And burdened ones, where'er he came,

Brought out their sick, and deaf, and

lame, #:The blind rejoice to hear the cry: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.": 4 Again he comes! From place to

His holy footprints we can trace. He pauseth at our threshold—nay, He enters—condescends to stay. |:Shall we not gladly raise the cry: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?":

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come; Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.

Ye wanderers from a Father's face, Return, accept his proffered grace. |: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.":

6 But if you still this call refuse, And all his wondrous love abuse, Soon will he sadly from you turn, Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn. "Too late! too late!" will be the cry: "Jesus of Nazareth has passed by.": "Joy cometh in the morning."-Ps. 30: 5.



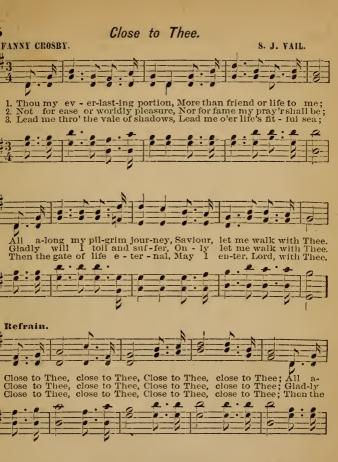
From Welcome Tidings by Permission of Biglow & Main.

The Streets of the City. 1 When we reach the golden city, When we pass the pearly gate, Where our friends who went before us

114

For our coming watch and wait. Cho. We will walk in the streets of the With our loved ones gone before; [City, We will sit on the banks of the river, We will meet to part no more.

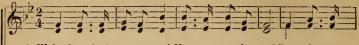
- 2 Here our happy hearts already Taste by faith the bliss of heaven,
- Taste by faint the ones of neaven,
 To our hungry souls the manna
 From above is freely given.
 3 Then we'll gladly wait a little,
 Gladly still our burdens bear;
 Soon we'll hear our Savior's "Welcome;" Soon a crown of glory wear.





Rev. F. DENISON.

T. C. O'KANE.

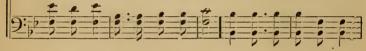


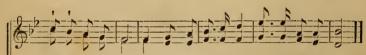
Wake from in-temp-er-ance! Hear ye mercy's song! Rouse from your List to the trumpet call, Sweet as angel voice; Haste ere you Turn from the charmer's way, Fly the viper's breath; Hear now the Sund-er the chains of sin, Now's the hour of life; Trusting a



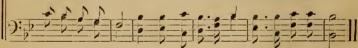


festal trance! Grasp the arm that's strong. Strike for the vic-to - ry! down shall fall, Make to-day your choice. Sav - ior say, "I will save from death." crown to win, Nobly meet the strife.





Dash to earth the cup! Christ gives us liberty, Lift his banner up!



117

Our God is Marching On.

- 1 The light of truth is breaking, On the mountain tops it gleams; Let it flash along our valleys, Let it glitter on our streams, Until all our land awakens In its flush of golden beams. Our God, etc.
- 2 From morning's early watches Till the setting of the sun We will never flag nor falter In the work we have begun, Till the forts have all surrendered, And the victory is won. Our God. etc
- 3 We wield no carnal weapons. And we hurl no flery dart: But with words of love and reason We are sure to win the heart, And persuade the poor transgressor To prefer the better part.
 Our God, etc.
- 4 Our strength is in Jehovah, And our cause is in his care; With almighty arms to help us We have faith to do and dare, While confiding in the promise, That the Lord will answer prayer Our God, etc.



119

When I

To Every One a Work.

sweet voice call-ing,

1 If you can not be a watchman, Standing high on Zion's wall, Pointing out the path to heaven, Offering life and peace to all, With your prayers and with your bounties,

hear thy

You can do what God demands; You can be like faithful Aaron, Holding up the prophet's hands

2 If among the older people, You may not be apt to teach, "Feed my lambs," said Christ, our shepherd, Place the food within their reach;

est

thou me?"

And it may be, that the children You have led with trembling hand Will be found among your jewels When you reach the better land.

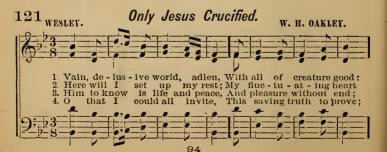
CHARLES WESLEY.

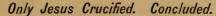
Harmonized by T. C. O'K.

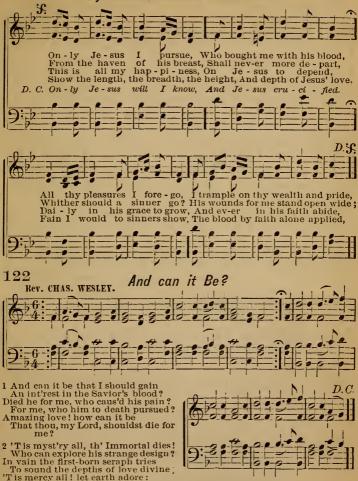


- 2 In hope of that immortal crown I now the cross sustain,
- And gladly wander up and down, And smile at toil and pain;

- I suffer on my threescore years, Till my Deliv'rer come, And wipe away his servant's tears, And take his exile home.
- 3 O what are all my suff 'rings here,
- If, Lord, thou count me meet With that enraptured host t' appear,
- And worship at thy feet!
 - Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends away, But let me find them all again In that eternal day.







Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above; (So free, so infinite his grace!)

Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race

And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'T is mercy all, immense and free,
For oh, my God, it found out me!

4 No condemnation now I dread; Jesus, with all in him, is mine; Alive in him, my living head.

Alive in him, my living head, And clothed in righteousness divine, Bold I approach th' eternal throne And claim the crown thro' Christ my own.



And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with praises,
For he saved a poor sinner like me.
No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling
How he saved a poor sinner like me.
Copyright, 1878, by JOHN R. SWENEY.



125

Whiter than Snow.

1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole; I want thee forever to live in my soul; Break down every idol, cast out every foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Cho.-- Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow, Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

- 2 Dear Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait; Come now, and within me a new heart create; To those who have sought thou never saidst No; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 3 Dear Jesus, let nothing unboly remain;
 Apply thine own blood and extract every stain;
 To have this blest cleansing I all things forego;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

97

Harmonized by T. C. O'K.



- 2 I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day the King To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring.

 Wi' een an' wi' heart running owre, we shall see

 "The King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie.

 My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;

 But there they'll never vex me nor be remembered mair: His bluid hath made me white, an' his hand shall dry my een, When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.
- 3 Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdle to its nest, I wad faln now be ganging unto my Savior's breast, For he gathers in his bosom even witless lambs like me, An' "carries them himself" to his ain countrie. He's faithfu' that has promised, he'll surely come again, He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken: But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be To gang at ony moment, to my ain countrie.
- 4 So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait, For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate, God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie. I'm far frae my hame an' I'm weary aftenwhiles, For the lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles. I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see
 The gowden gates of heaven, an' my ain countrie.



- 1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide, Ever near the Christian's side, Gently lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a desert land. Weary souls fore'er rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice, Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
- 2 Ever present, truest friend, Ever near, thine aid to lend. Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear. When the storms are raging sore, Heartsgrow faint and hopes give o'er, Whisper softly, wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
- 3 When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet release,



Nothing left but heaven and prayer, Wond'ring if our names are there; Wading deep the dismal flood, Pleading naught but Jesus' blood; Whisper softly, wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home,



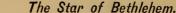
1 My country, 't is of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that above,

3 Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.



4 Our father's God, to thee, Author of liberty, To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our king.







1 When marshaled on the nightly plain, The glittering host bestud the sky; One star alone of all the train

Can fix the sinner's wandering eye. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From every host, from every gem:

From every host, from every gem: But one alone, the Savior speaks— It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode; The storm was loud, the night was dark, The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed The wind that toss'd my found ring bark.

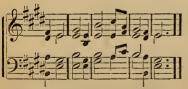
Deep horror then my vitals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; When suddenly a star arose— It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my life, my all; It bade my dark foreboding ease; And, thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moored, my perils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's diadem, Forever, and forever more,

The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!





- 3 He our earthly cares entwineth With his comforts from above;
- 1 God is love, his mercy brightens All the path in which we move; Bliss he grants, and woe he lightens; God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever; Worlds decay and ages move, But his mercy waneth never; God is wisdom, God is love.

Every-where his glory shineth; God is wisdom, God is love.

Rev. GEORGE COLES.



- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till him I view.
 The way the holy prophets went—
 The road that leads from banishment,—
 The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 2 This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not; My grief a burden long has been, Because I was not saved from sin.
- The more I strove against its power, I felt its weight and guilt the more; Till late I heard my Savior say, Come bither, soul, I am the way.
- 3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to thee as I am; Nothing but sin have I to give—Nothing but love shall I receive. Then will I tell to sinners round What a dear Savior I have found; I'll point to thy redeeming blood, And say, Behold the way to God.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive and fears annoy, Never shall the Cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.



3 When the sun of bliss is beaming From the Cross the radiance streaming, Light and love upon my way, Adds new luster to the day.

REV. W. McDONALD.

Harmonized by T. C. O'K.



1 I saw a way-worn trav'ler, In tattered garments clad, And, struggling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad. His back was laden heavy, His strength was almost gone, Yet he shouted as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come!" CHORUS.

Then palms of victory, Crowns of glory, Palms of victory I shall wear.

- 2 The summer sun was shining, The sweat was on his brow, His garments worn and dusty, His step seemed very slow But he kept pressing onward, For he was wending home, Still shouting as he journeyed. "Deliverance will come!"
- 3 I saw him in the evening, The sun was bending low. He'd overtopped the mountain And reached the vale below: He saw the golden city,-His everlasting home,-And shouted loud, Hosanna, "Deliverance will come!"
- 4 I heard the song of triumph They sang upon that shore, Saying, Jesus has redeemed us To suffer nevermore:
 Then, casting his eyes backward
 On the race which he had run,

He shouted loud, "Hosanna, Deliverance has come!"

134 Let Me Co.

Over on the other shore.

. 1 Let me go where saints are going, To the mansions of the blest; Let me go where my Redeemer Has prepared his people's rest [ness I would gain those realms of bright-Where they dwell for evermore; I would join the friends that wait me

CHORUS. Let me go, 't is Jesus calls me; Let me gain the realms of day; Bear me over angel pinions, Longs my soul to be away.

2 Let me go where none are weary, Where is raised no wail of woe: Let me go and bathe my spirit In the raptures angels know; Let me go, for bliss eternal

Lures my soul away, away, And the victor's song triumphant Thrills my heart—I can not stay. 3 Let me go where tears and sighing

Are for evermore unknown, Where the joyous songs of glory Call me to a happier home. Let me go—I'd cease this dying, I would gain life's fairer plains; Let me join the myriad harpers, Let me chant their rapturous strains.

135The Night Cometh.

1 Work, for the night is coming, Work through the morning hours; Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming,

When man's work is done. 2 Work, for the night is coming, Work through the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labor.

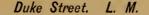
Rest comes sure and soon. Give every flying minute Something to keep in store;

Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for the daylight flies. Work till the last beam fadeth,

Fadeth to shine no more Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

102





f 136 The Savior's Kingdom.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his successive journeys run; His kingdom spread from shore to shore, more. Till moon shall wax and wane no

2 From north to south the princes To pay their homage at his feet; [meet While western empires own their Lord,

And savage tribes attend his word.

3 People and realms of every tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song, And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his Name.

137 Joy of Worship.

I Great God, attend, while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs;

To spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

- 2 God is our sun, he makes our day; God is our shield, he guards our way From all assaults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes within.
- 3 All needful grace will God bestow, And crown that grace with glory too; He gives us all things, and withholds No real good from upright souls.

 $138 { t Love}$ passing Knowledge.

- 1 Of him who did salvation bring, I could forever think and sing; Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve; Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.
- 2 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone I shed my tears and make my moan; Where'er I am, where'er I move, I meet the object of my love.
- 3 Insatiate to this spring I fly; I drink, and yet am ever dry Ah! who against thy charms is proof? Ah! who that loves, can love enough? Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

139The Church.

I Jesus, from whom all blessings flow, Great Builder of thy Church below,

If now thy Spirit moves my breast, Hear, and fulfill thine own request.

- 2 The few that truly call thee Lord, And wait thy sanctifying word, And thee their utmost Savior own-Unite and perfect them in one.
- 3 O let them all thy mind express, Stand forth thy chosen witnesses; Thy power unto salvation show, And perfect holiness below.

Spiritual Baptism.

1 O Spirit of the living God, In all thy plenitude of grace, Where er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,

To preach the reconciling word; Give power and unction from above, Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Baptize the nations; far and nigh The triumphs of the cross record; The name of Jesus glorify

Till every kindred call him Lord.

Following the Savior.

1 O thou, to whose ali-searching sight The darkness shineth as the light, Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;

O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Savior, where'er thy steps I see, Dauntless, untired, I follow thee; O let thy hand support me still, And lead me to thy holy hill.

3 If rough and thorny be the way, My strength proportion to my day Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,

Hurslev. L. M.



1 Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear, It is not night if thou art near: O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes. 2 Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can not live; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.

3 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor, With blessings from thy boundless

store;

Be every mourner's sleep to night, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,

Ere thro' the world our way we take, Till in the ocean of thy love We lose ourselves in heaven above.

143 Living Redeemer.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives-What joy the blest assurance gives! He lives, he lives, who once was dead:

He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love; He lives, to plead for me above; He lives, my hungry soul to feed; He lives, to help in time of need.



3 He lives—all glory to his name; He lives my Savior, still the same; What joy the blest assurance gives,— I know that my Redeemer lives.

1.44 Protection.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on-Thus far his power prolongs my days; [known

every evening shall make Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home; But he forgives my follies past, [come. And gives me strength for days to

3 I lay my body down to sleep; Peace is the pillow for my head; While well-appointed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

Hamburg.



145 The Only Plea.

1 Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am-thou wilt receive;

Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:

Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

Entirely Thine.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine, Purchased and saved by blood divine; With full consent thine I would be, And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live—thine would I Be thine through all eternity; The vow is past beyond repeal, And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood

That bought my guilty soul for God-Thee, my new Master, now I call, And consecrate to thee my all.

104

Rockingham.



Retreat.



147 Saving Falth.

1 We have no outward righteousness, No merits or good works, to plead; We only can be saved by grace; Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, thro' faith alone, A faith thou must thyself impart A faith that would by works be shown,

A faith that purifies the heart:

3 This is the faith we humbly seek. The faith in thy all-cleansing blood; That faith which doth for sinners O let it speak us up to God! [speak,

148 The Light Yoke.

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last submit, At Jesus' feet to lay it down— To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Break off the yoke of inbred sin, And fully set my spirit free;
- I can not rest till pure within,-Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God: Thy light and easy burden prove; The cross all stain'd with hallow'd The labor of thy dying love. [blood,
- 4 I would, but thou must give the power

My heart from every sin release; Bring near, bring near the joyful

And fill me with thy perfect peace.

149Blessed Sleep.

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour, Which manifests the Savior's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me May such a blissful refuge be! Securely shall my ashes lie, And wait the summons from on high.

150 The Mercy-Seat.

1 From every stormy wind blows.

From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place, where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads; A place than all besides more sweet,— It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend, Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet

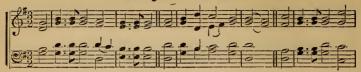
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,

And sin and sense molest no more: And heaven comes down our souls to

While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Arlington. C. M.



Cross and Crown



151. The Spirit Sought.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Father, and shall we ever live At this poor dying rate— Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Come, shed abroad a Savior's love, And that shall kindle ours.

152 The Word.

- 1 Father of mercies, in thy Word What endless glory shines! Forever be thy name adored For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around; And life, and everlasting joys, Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be Our ever dear delight; And still new beauties may we see, And still increasing light.
- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord, Be thou forever near; Teach us to love thy sacred word, And view the Savior there.

153 Cross and Crown.

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No: there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above Who once went sorrowing here; But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free, And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me!

154 Cratitude.

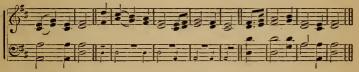
- When all thy mercies, oh, my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.
- In wonder, love, and praise.

 2 O how can words with equal warmth
- The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravish'd heart?
 But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thro' every period of my life, Thy goodness I'll pursue; And after death, in distant worlds, The pleasing theme renew.
- 4 Thro' all eternity to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise,
 But, oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

Azmon. C. M.







A Closer Walk.

- 1 Oh, for a closer walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame;
- A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be, Help me to tear it from thy throne,
- And worship only thee.
- 3 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame;
- So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

156 Not Ashamed.

- I I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause;
- Maintain the honor of his word,-The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know his name; His name is all my trust;
- Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise And he can well secure [stand What I've committed to his hands, stands. Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless Before his Father's face, [name And in the New Jerusalem Appoint my soul a place.

157Early Piety.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill, How'sweet the lily grows!
- How sweet the breath, beneath the Of Sharon's dewy rose! [hill,
- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
- The paths of peace have trod—
 Whose secret heart, with influence
 Is upward drawn to God. [sweet,
- 3 Oh, thou who givest life and breath! We seek thy grace alone,
- In childhood, manhood, age, and To keep us still thine own. [death,

Final Triumph. 158

- I Am I a soldier of the cross,— A foll'wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord;
- I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by thy word.
- 3 Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, though they die: They see the triumph from afar,— By faith they bring it nigh.
- 4 When that illustrious day shall rise, And all thy armies shine
 - In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 _ The glory shall be thine.

Coronation. C. M.



159 Exultant Praise.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise:

The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

- 2 My gracious Master, and my God, Assist me to proclaim—
 To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
- The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our That bids our sorrows cease; [fears, 'T is music in the sinner's ears, Tis life, and health, and peace.

160 Lord of All.

I All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.

3 Oh, that with vonder sacred throng We at his feet may fall: We'll join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

Harp. C. M.



161 Overcoming Faith.

1 Oh for a faith that will not shrink, Though press'd by every foe, That will not tremble on the brink Of any earthly woe;-

- 2 A faith that shines more bright and When tempests rage without; [clear That when in danger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt ;-
- 3 A faith that keeps the narrow way Till life's last hour is fled, And with a pure and heavenly ray Illumes a dying bed.
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, whate'er may come, We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd Of an eternal home. fbliss

A Perfect Heart.

- 1 Oh for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A heart that always feels thy blood, So freely spilt for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed, And full of love divine; Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart; Come quickly from above; Write thy new name upon my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.



163 The Heavenly Canaan.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
- There everlasting spring abides, And never-with ring flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling Stand dressed in living green; [flood So to the Jews old Canaan stood,

While Jordan roll'd between. [stood, Could we but climb where Moses And view the landscape o'er, [flood Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold Should fright us from the shore.

164 Assurance of Hope.

- 1 How happy every child of grace, That knows his sins forgiven! This earth, he cries, is not my place;
- I seek my place in heaven:
 A country far from mortal sight,
 Yet, oh, by faith I see
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,
- - The heaven prepared for me.
- 2 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay; We more than taste the heavenly And antedate that day; [r We feel the resurrection near-Our life in Christ concealed-

And with his glorious presence here Our earthen vessel's filled.

Peoria.



165 Refining Fire.

- 1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love Shed in my heart abroad: Then shall my feet no longer rove, Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 Oh that it now from heaven might And all my sins consume: [fall, Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call; Spirit of burning, come.
- 3 Refining fire, go through my heart;
- Illuminate my soul; Scatter thy life through every part, And sanctify the whole.
- 4 My steadfast soul, from falling free, Shall then no longer move, While Christ is all the world to me,

And all my heart is love.

166 Triumphant Joy.

- My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
- My dawning is begun;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning
 And thou my rising sun. [star,
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine With beams of sacred bliss, If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
- And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay At that transporting word; Run up with joy the shining way, To see and praise my Lord.



Heavenly Shore.



The Church.

- 1 I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine abode— The Church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God! Her walls before thee stand Dear as the apple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

Revival.

- 1 O Lord, thy work revive In Zion's gloomy hour, And let our dying graces live By thy restoring power.
- 2 Oh, let thy chosen few A wake to earnest prayer! Their covenant again renew, And walk in filial fear.
- 3 Now lend thy gracious ear: Now listen to our cry; Oh, come and bring salvation near! Our souls on thee rely.

Free Salvation.

- 1 I'm glad salvation's free. And without price or cost; For had it been for me to buy My soul must have been lost.
- 2 In this cold world below. With none to care for me, A pilgrim often sad and lone, I'm glad salvation's free.
- 3 Once I was blind and lost. Of sin and sorrow full; But now I'm saved thro' Jesus' blood, I feel it in my soul.
- 4 And now I'm on my way To brighter worlds above:
- I hope to triumph evermore Through my Redeemer's love.

Crace.

- 1 Grace! 't is a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heaven with the echo shall resound. And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet, While pressing on to God.
- 3 Grace all the work shall crown Through everlasting days, And every ransomed power shall join In wonder, love, and praise.

Thatcher. S. M.



Laban. S. M.



171

Diligence.

- 1 A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify; A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age, My calling to fulfill, Oh, may it all my powers engage, To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care, As in thy sight to live; And, oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray, And on thyself rely, Assured, if I my trust betray, I shall forever die.

172 Seed Sown.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and fear give thou no heed, Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou knowest not which shall The late or early sown; [thrive, Grace keeps the perfect germ alive, When and wherever strewn.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain; Cold, heat, and moist, and dry, Shall foster and mature the grain For garners in the sky.

173 Perseverance.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won, Nor lay thine armor down; The work of faith will not be done, Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To his divine abode.

174 Throne of Crace.

- 1 Behold the throne of grace;
 The promise calls us near;
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow— Thy presence and thy love— That we may serve thee here below, And reign with thee above,
- 3 Teach us to live by faith— Conform our wills to thine; Let us victorious be in death, And then in glory shine.

Martyn. 7s.



175

My Refuge and Salvation.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Savior! hide,
Till the storm of life is past.

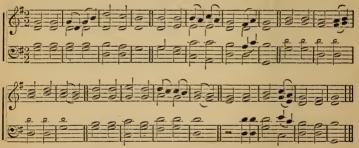
Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, oh, leave me not alone! Still support and comfort me. All my trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenseless head With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin; Let the healing streams abound;

Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

Hendon. 7s.



176 The Precious Bible.

1 Holy Bible! book divine! Precious treasure! thou art mine! Mine, to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove; Mine, to show a Savior's love; — Mine art thou to guide my feet; Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress, If the Holy Spirit bless; Mine, to show by living faith Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come, And the rebel sinner's doom; Oh, thou precious book divine! Precious treasure! thou art mine!

177 For a Ceneral Blessing.

1 Lord, we come before thee now; At thy feet we humbly bow; Oh, do not our suit disdain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend; In compassion now descend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let thy Spirit now impart Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find Thee, a gracious God, and kind; Heal the sick, the captive free; Let us all rejoice in thee.

Merdin. 7s, 6s & 7s.



Horton. 7s.



178 Heavenly Glories.

- 1 Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured vision, All the eestatic joys that spring Round the bright elysian. Lo, we lift our longing eyes! Break, ye intervening skies!
- Break, ye intervening skies! Sons of righteousness, arise, Ope the gates of paradise! 2 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
- Seem, methinks, to seize us; Join we, too, the holy lays— Jesus, Jesus, Jesus! Sweetest sound in seraph's song, Sweetest note on mortal tongue, Sweetest carol ever sung— Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

179 The Word Clorified.

1 Sons of God, your Savior praise! He the door hath opened wide; He hath given the word of grace; Jesus' word is glorified.

Jesus, mighty to redeem, He alone the work bath

He alone the work hath wrought; Worthy is the work of him, [naught. Him who spake a world from

2 Saw ye not the cloud arise, Little as a human hand? Now it spreads along the skies, flangs o'er all the thirsty land. Lo! the promise of a shower Drops already from above; But the Lord will shortly pour All the Spirit of his love.

180 Danger of Delay.

- 1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise! Stay not for the morrow's sun; Wisdom if you still despise, Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore! Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy season should be o'er Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return! Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy lamp should fail to burn Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest! Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest perdition thee arrest Ere the morrow is begun.

181 Pilgrim's Song.

1 Children of the heavenly King, As we journey let us sing— Sing our Savior's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways. We are trav'ling home to God, In the way our fathers trod; They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand On the borders of our land; Jesus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us undismayed go on. Lord, obediently we'll go, Gladly leaving all below; Only thou our leader be, And we still will follow thee.

Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.



7s & 6s.



182 Light Breaking.

- 1 The morning light is breaking; The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are waking
- To penitential tears: Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar
- Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Blest river of salvation, Pursue thy onward way;
- Flow thou to every nation, Nor in thy richness stay: Stay not till all the lowly
- Triumphant reach their home; Stay not till all the holy
- Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

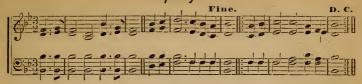
183Christian Zeal.

- 1 Ashamed to be a Christian. Afraid the world should know
- I'm on my way to Zion,
- Where joys eternal flow! Forbid it, oh, my Savior! That I should ever be
- Afraid to wear thy color, Or blush to follow thee.
- Ashamed to be a Christian.
- To love my God and King! The fire of zeal is burning, My soul is on the wing.
- I want a faith made perfect, That all the world may see,
- I stand a living witness Of mercy, rich and free.



184 Call for Help.

- l From Greenland's icy mountains. From India's coral strand,
- Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river,
- From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.
- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high; Shall we to men benighted
- The lamp of life deny? Salvation—O salvation!
- The joyful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation Has learned Messiah's name.
- 3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story, And you, ye waters, roll,
- Till, like a sea of glory,
- It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed nature
- The Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign.



Oron.



185 Rock of Ages.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure; Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow— Could my zeal no languor know— These for sin could not atone; Thou must save and thou alone; In my hand no price I bring; Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold thee on thy throne— Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

186 The Litany.

1 By thy birth, and by thy tears; By thy human griefs and fears; By thy conflict in the hour Of the subtle tempter's power— Savior, look with pitying eye; Savior, help me, or I die.

2 By thy lonely hour of prayer; By the fearful conflict there; By thy cross and dying cries; By thy one great sacrifice— Savior, look with pilying eye; Savior, help me, or I die.

3 By thy triumph o'er the grave; Py thy power the lost to save; By thy high majestic throne; By the empire all thine own— Savior, look with pitying eye; Savior, help me, or I die.



187 Plea for Mercy.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace, Long provoked him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 There for me the Savior stands; Shows his wounds and spreads his God is love! I know, I feel; [hands; Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

188 Like Jesus.

1 I rest my soul on Jesus, This weary soul of mine;

His right hand me embraces; I on his breast recline.

I love the name of Jesus, Immanuel, Christ, the Lord; Like fragrance on the breezes, His name abroad is poured.

2 I long to be like Jesus. Meek, loving, lowly, mild;

I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus,

Amid the heavenly throng, To sing with saints his praises, To learn the angels' song.



189 The New Creation.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,—
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart,

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above

Serve thee as thy hosts above, Pray, and praise thee without ceas-Glory in thy perfect love. [ing,

3 Finish then thy new creation; Pure and spotless let us be; Let us see thy great salvation, Perfectly restored in thee: Changed from glory into glory.

Changed from glory into glory, Till in heaven we take our place,— Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

190 A Blessing Asked.

1 Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing,

While once more thy praise we sing; Sinful hearts and lives confessing, Nothing worthy can we bring; Yet thy book of love hath taught us, Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear; For the sake of him who bought us, We may call, and thou wilt hear.

What a boon to us is given,
Thus to lift our voice on high!
 Well assured the ear of heaven
Hears our wants, and will supply.
 Weak and sinful—oh, how often
Must we look to God alone!
 For his grace our hearts to soften
And sustain us as his own.

191 Fount of Blessing.

191 Fount of Blessing.

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sounet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer; Hither by thy help I'm come; And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home. Jesus sought me when a stranger,

Wand ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace, how great a debtor Daily I 'm constrained to be! Let thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wand ring heart to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it— Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it! Seal it for thy courts above.

192 Cive in Faith.

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters, Thinking not 'tis thrown away; God himself saith thou shalt gather It again some future day. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Wildly though the billows roll;

They but aid thee as thou toilest Truth to spread from pole to pole.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters; Why wilt thou still doubting stand? Bounteous shall God send the harvest, If thou sow'st with liberal hand. Give, then, freely of thy substance— O'er this cause the Lord doth reign;

Cast thy bread, and toil with patience, Thou shalt labor not in vain.

8s & 7s. Double. Disciple.



193 Foilowing Jesus.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee;

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!

Perish, every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

Yet how rich is my condition; God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me; They have left my Savior, too; Human hearts and looks deceive me;

Thou art not, like them, untrue. Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,

God of wisdom, love, and might, Foes may hate, and friends disown

Show thy face, and all is bright. [me,

Joy at the Cross.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in bless-Which before the cross I spend; fing,

Which before the closs repend, rug, Life, and health, and peace possess. From the sinner's dying friend [ing, Love and grief, my heart dividing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe; Constant still, in faith abiding,

Life deriving from his death.

2 Truly blessed is this station, Low before his cross to lie,

While I see divine compassion

Beaming in his gracious eye. Here I'll sit, forever viewing

Mercy streaming in his blood; Precious drops my soul bedewing

Plead and claim my peace with God.

Stowell. 8s & 7s.

195 T. C. O'KANE.

1 Silently the shades of evening Gather round our chapel door; Silently they bring before us Faces we shall see no more.

2 Oh, the lost, the unforgotten! Though the world be oft forgot; Oh, the shrouded and the lonely!

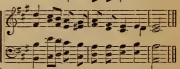
In our hearts they perish not. 3 Living in the silent hours, Where our spirits only blend,

They, unlinked with earthly trouble, We still hoping for its end.

196 Evening Blessing.

1 Savior, breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spirits seal:

Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal



2 Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Darkness can not hide from thee; Thou art he who, never weary, Watchest where thy people be.

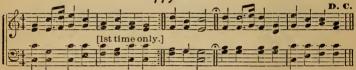
3 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,

And command us to the tomb, May the morn in heaven awake us, Clad in bright, eternal bloom.



Zion.





Oh, thou God of my salvation, My Redemer from all sin!

Moved by thy divine compassion, Who hast died my heart to win. I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior; He hath brought salvation near-Manifests his pardoning favor; And when Jesus doth appear.

Soul and body Shall his glorious image bear.

3 Angels now are hov'ring round us, Unperceived amid the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crowned
Glad to join the holy soug: [us, Hallelujah!

Love and praise to Christ belong.

198 Security of Zion.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded. Zion, kept by power divine; All her foes shall be confounded,

Tho' the world in arms combine: Happy Zion,

W hat a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish, Friend to friend unfaithful prove; Mothers cease their own to cherish,

Heaven and earth at last remove: But no changes Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright.

But can never cease to love thee; Thou art precious in his sight: God is with thee-

God, thine everlasting light.

199 Revive Us.

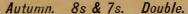
I Savior, visit thy plantation; Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain; All will come to desolation,

Unless thou return again. Lord, revive us;

All our help must come from thee!

2 Keep no longer at a distance; Shine upon us from on high, Lest for want of thine assistance Every plant should droop and die.

Lord, revive us; All our help must come from thee.





Memory. 8s & 7s. Double.



200 Jesus Pleading.

1 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;

All the heavenly hosts adore thee, Seated at thy Father's side.

There for sinners thou art pleading; There thou dost our place prepare; Ever for us interceding, Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honor, power, and bless—Thou art worthy to receive; [ing, Loudest praises, without ceasing, Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;

Bring your sweetest, noblest lays; Help to sing our Savior's merits; Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

201 Persevere.

1 Toil on, teachers! toil on, boldly, Labor on, and watch and pray; Men may scoff and treat you coldly; Heed them not, go on your way. Jesus is a loving master;

Cease not, then, this work to do; Cleave to him still closer, faster, He will own and honor you.

2 Toil on, teachers! earnest, steady, Sowing well the seeds of truth; Always willing, cheerful, ready, Watching, praying, for your youth. Patient, firm, and persevering, Leaning on the promise sure; Prayer will surely gain a hearing,

Faithful to the end endure.

202 The Best Friend.

I One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
Which of all our friends to save us,
Could, or would, have shed his
But our Jesus died to have us [blood?

2 When he lived on earth so lowly, Friend of sinners was his name; Now enthroned among the holy, He rejoices in the same.
Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!

Reconciled, in him, to God.

Teach us, Lord, at length to love; We, alas! forget too often What a friend we have above.

203 Send Me.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus crying:
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth;
Rich reward he offers thee;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

2 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you gladly;
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.



1 Softly, on the breath of evening, Comes the tender sigh of day; Lonely heart, by sorrow laden, Tis the time to pray.

CHORUS.

Weary pilarim, cease thy mourning, Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourning, Rest beyond forever.

2 'Tis the hour when hallowed feelings Chase our doubts and fears away: 'T is the hour for calm devotion; Pilgrim, watch and pray.

3 Tho' temptations dark oppress thee, Jesus guides thee on thy way;

He will hear thy lightest whisper; Pilgrim, watch and pray.

Cleansing Wave. MRS. J. F. KNAPP, by per.



The fountain deep and wide: Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,

Points to his wounded side.

CHORUS

The cleansing streum, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me! Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me; It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

- 2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light, Above the world of sin, white, With heart made pure and garments And Christ enthroned within.
- 3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below To feel the blood applied; And Jesus, only Jesus, know, My Jesus crucified.

- Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
- And sinners, plunged beneath that Lose all their guilty stains. [flood,
- 2 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious Shall never lose its power, [bloo Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.
- 3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply

Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,

I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

"The Spirit and the Bride say, come." T. C. O'KANE.



Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Jesus ready stands to save you,

Full of pity, love, and power. Chorus.

"Whosoever," saith the Spirit, With the Father and the Son;

"Whosoever," sinner, hear it, "Whosoever will may come."

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glorify; True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings you nigh.

Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream; All the fitness he requireth

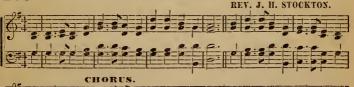
Is to feel your need of him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall; If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all.

5 Lo! th'incarnate God, ascending, Pleads the merit of his blood; Venture on him,-venture freely; Let no other trust intrude.

208

Come to Jesus.





1 Come, trembling sinner, from thy And bow before the Lord; Fall as a mourner at his feet, [seat,

And hang upon his word. CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus now;

Only trust him, he will save you, He will save just now.

2 Come while you may to Christ and For life will soon be done; [live, [live, Oh, come and to the Savior give

That guilty heart of stone!

3 Come if thou canst, or canst not feel,

Come trusting in his grace; He will the work of pardon seal On all who seek his face.

4 Come while the voice of Jesus calls, In accents full and clear,

And mercy's sweetest language falls Inviting on the ear.

5 The Savior stands thy cause to Before the throne above; [plead Come in thy hour of greatest need, And feel his pard'ning love.



Carmarthen. H. M.



209 Our Advocate.

1 Arise, my soul, arise; Shake off thy guilty fears;

The bleeding sacrifice In my behalf appears: Before the throne my surety stands, My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace,

3 The Father hears him pray, His dear anointed one; He can not turn away The presence of his Son: His Spirit answers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled; His pard'ning voice I hear: He owns me for his child; I can no longer fear: With confidence I now draw nigh, And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

210 Praising Jesus.

1 Let earth and heaven agree, Angels and men be joined, To celebrate with me The Savior of mankind.:

T' adore the all-atoning Lamb, And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound! The joy of earth and heaven; No other help is found, No other name is given, By which we can salvation have; But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name! It charms the hosts above; They evermore proclaim, And wonder at, his love: "Tis all their happiness to gaze,—"Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 0h, for a trumpet voice!
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all:
For all, my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Savior died.

Joy to the World.

211 Over There.

1 O think of the home over there, By the side of the river of light, Where the saints all immortal and fair Are rob'd in their garments of white.

REF .- Over there, over there, O, think of the home over there.

2 O think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the

In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Savior is now over there, There my kindred and friends are at rest:

Then away from my sorrow and care Let me fly to the land of the blest.

The Endless Song.

1 My life flows on in endless song, Above earth's lamentation: I catch the sweet, the far off hymn That hails a new creation. Thro' all the tumult and the strife

I hear the music ringing; It finds an echo in my soul-How can I keep from singing? 2 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue above it;

And day by day this pathway smooths

Since first I learned to love it; The peace of Christ makes fresh my A fountain ever springing ; [heart, All things are mine since I am his-How can I keep from singing?

213Nearer to Thee.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, : Nearer, my God, to thee. :

2 Though like a wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness comes over me, My rest a stone,

Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, etc.

3 Or if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, etc.

214"Washed in the Blood."

1 Come to the fountain flowing deep and wide, Flowing for sinners from Immanuel's side, Rise from 'neath its purple tide, "Washed," etc.

CHO.-Glory evermore to the dear Redeemer's name, " Washed in the blood of the Lamb,"

2 Ye who are burdened with a sense of sin, Feeling its guilt and secret power within, May be made entirely clean, "Washed," etc.

3 Still flows the fountain ever full and free, Saving its thousands, even such as we; And yet thousands more may be "Washed," etc.

215 Preclous Jesus.

1 O to love thee, precious Jesus. O to know that thou art mine; All my heart I give thee, Jesus, If thou wilt but make it thine.

CHo.-Precious name, precious name, Thou art all the world to me. All of earth, all of heav'n, All I want I find in thee.

2 Take my warmest, best affections; Take my memory, mind, and

Then with all thy loving spirit All my emptied nature fill.

3 O how precious, dear Redeemer, Is the love that fills my soul! It is done! The word is spoken! "Be thou every whit made whole!"

216 Precious Blood.

1 The cross! the cross! the bloodstained cross! The hallow'd cross I see,

Reminding me of precious blood That once was shed for me.

Cho.—O the blood! the precious blood!
That Jesus shed for me
Upon the cross in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.

2 A thousand, thousand fountains spring

Up from the throne of God: But none to me such blessings bring As Jesus' precious blood.

3 By faith that blood now sweeps away My sins, as like a flood; Nor lets one guilty blemish stay; All praise to Jesus' blood!

217

Trusting.

- 1 I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
- CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cavary; Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.
- 2 Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly Soul and body, thine to be,— [store; Wholly thine for evermore.
- 3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul! Perfected in him I am; I am every whit made whole; Glory, glory to the Lamb.

218 The Cate Ajar.

- 1 There is a gate that stands ajar, And through its portals gleaming, A radiance from the cross afar, The Savior's love revealing.
- Ref.— O, depth of mercy! can it be That yate was left ajar for me? For me, for me? Was left ajar for me?
- 2 That gate ajar stands free for all Who seek through it salvation; The rich and poor, the great and Of every tribe and nation. [small,
- 3 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay The cross that here is given, And bear the crown of life away, And love him more in heaven.

219 Sweet Sound.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It coothes his corrows heals his
 - It soothes his sorrows, heals his And drives away his fear. [wounds,
- CHO.—O how I love Jesus, Because he first loved me; How can I forget thee? Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'T is manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
 - My shield and hiding-place; My never-failing treasure, filled With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 I would thy boundless love proclaim With every fleeting breath; So shall the music of thy name Refresh my soul in death.

220 Unwearled earnestness.

- 1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee; No other help I know:
- If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
- CHO. I do believe, I will believe, That Jesus died for me, And on the cross he shed his blood, From sin to set me free.
- 2 Author of faith! to thee I lift My weary, longing eyes: O let me now receive thy gift,— My soul without it dies.
- 3 Surely thou canst not let me die O speak, and I shall live; Aud here I will unwearied lie, Till thou thy Spirit give.

$221\,$ Leaving All for Jesus:

- 1 Sad and weary with my longing Filled with shame because of sin, As I am in conscious weakness, Here I must salvation win.
- CHO.--All I have I leave for Jesus, I am counting it but dross; I am coming to the Master, I am clinging to the Cross.
- 2 O the joy of knowing Jesus! It is dawning on my soul; I am finding his salvation, And the power that makes me whole.
- 3 O refine me by thy Spirit!

 Make my earthly life sublime

 With my heart a home for Jesus,

 Till I've done with earth and time.

222 Yielding.

- 1 And can I yet delay My little all to give? To tear my soul from earth away For Jesus to receive?
- CHo.—I am coming, Lord, Coming now to thee; Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary.
 - 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield; I can hold out no more:
 - I sink, by dying love compell'd, And own thee conqueror.
 - 3 Though late, I all forsake; My friends, my all, resign: Gracious Redeemer, take, O take, And seal me ever thine.
 - 4 C me, and posses me whole, Nor hence again remove; Settle and fix my wav'ring soul With all thy weight of love.

Joy to the World.

223 Shining Shore.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger. Would not detain them as they fly, These hours of toil and danger,

CHO. - For now we stand on Jordan's

strand, Our friends are passing over; And just before the shining shore

We may almost discover. 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren

dear, Our heavenly homes discerning; Our absent Lord has left us word,

Let every lamp be burning. 3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow.

Each cord on earth to sever. Our King says come, and there's our Forever, oh, forever! [home,

224 Sweet Home.

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is communion

with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy

there's room,

And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHO. - Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,

thrice gracious Jesus, whose love can not cease,

Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I roam I long to behold thee in glory at

home 3 Whate'er thou deniest, oh, give me

thy grace! Thy Spirit's sure witness, and smiles

of thy face: Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,

And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauty to shine,

No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;

But in thy bright image to rise from the tomb, glorified millions to praise With

thee at home.

225 By and By.

1 We speak of the realms of the blest, That region so bright and so fair, And oft are its glories confessed-But what must it be to be there?

CHO.—In the sweet by and by, We shall rest on that beautiful shore.

2 We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation, and care, From trials without and within, But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its service of love, The robes which the glorified wear, The church of the first-born above But what must it be to be there!

4 O Father! 'mid sorrow and woe, For heaven our spirits prepare, And shortly we also shall know, And feel what it is to be there.

226 Blessed Union.

1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne. We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,-

Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.

Loving Kindness.

1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise: He justly claims a song from me,

His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall. Yet loved me not withstanding all; He saved me from my lost estate, His loving kindness, O how great!

3 Often I feel my sinful heart Prone from my Jesus to depart; But though I have him oft forgot, His loving kindness changes not.

228 All Paid.

1 I hear the Savior say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all, All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow,

2 For nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim— I'll wash my garment white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3 When from my dying bed My ransomed soul shall rise. Then "Jesus paid it all" Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when before the throne I stand in him complete, I'll lay my trophies down,

All down at Jesus' feet.

229 Trusting In Jesus.

1 Trusting alone in Jesus, For all of earth and heav'n, Ever in him abiding, Joy unto me is giv'n. Pardon for past transgression, Hope for the days to come, Under his kind protection, Safely I journey home.

CHO.—(Repeat first 4 lines.)

2 Trusting alone in Jesus, Naught can the soul molest. Free from the fear of evil, Of every good possessed.
Thus on the Lord relying,
He surely leads the way
Thro' every earthly shadow,
Up to the heavenly day.

230 For Jesus.

1 O who'll stand up for Jesus, The lowly Nazarene. And raise the blood-stained banner Amid the hosts of sin?

CHO.—The cross of Christ I'll cherish. Its crucifixion bear; All hail reproach or sorrow If Jesus leads me there.

2 O who will follow Jesus, Amid report and shame? While others shrink and falter, Who'll glory in his name?

3 Though fierce may rage the battle, And wild the storm may blow, Though friends may go forever, Who will with Jesus go?

4 My all to Christ I've given, My talents, time, and voice, Myself, my reputation, His glory is my choice.

231Trusting Every Day:

1 Simply trusting every day, Trusting through a stormy way, Even when my faith is small-Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHO.—Trusting him while life shall last, Trusting him till earth is past, Till within the jasper wall-Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth his Spirit shine Into this poor heart of mine; While he leads I can not fall-Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing if my way is clear; Praying if the path is drear; If in danger, for him call-Trusting Jesus, that is all.

232 The Creat Physician.

1 The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus; He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O, hear the voice of Jesus.

Cно.— Sweetest note in seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue,

Sweetest carol ever sung, Jesus, blessed Jesus. 2 Your many sins are all forgiv'n,

O, hear the voice of Jesus: Go on your way in peace to heav'n And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb, I now believe in Jesus; I love the blessed Savior's name,

I love the name of Jesus.

233 The Old, Old Story.

I Tell me the old, old story Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and his glory, Of Jesus and his love:

Tell me the story simply, As to a little child,

For I'am weak and weary, And helpless and defiled.

2 Tell me the story softly, With earnest tones, and grave; Remember! I'm the sinner Whom Jesus came to save: Tell me the story always,

If you would really be In any time of trouble, A comforter to me.

3 Tell me the same old story, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glory Is costing me too dear Yes, and when that world's glory Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old story;

"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

More Love to Thee.

1 More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee! Hear thou the prayer I make, On bended knee: This is my earnest plea, More love O Christ, to thee

More love to thee. 2 Once earthly joy I craved,

Sought peace and rest, Now thee alone I seek, Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, etc.

3 Then shall my latest breath Whisper thy praise, This be the parting cry My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be

More love, etc.

INDEX + OF + HYMNS. BY NUMBERS.

Above earth's grief	48
A charge to keep I have	171
A charge to keep I have Ah, tell me not	20
A las, and did my	82
All glory and praise	86
A las, and did my	160
All hall the power	110
All praise to the Lamb	110
Am I a soldier	158
And can it be that	122
Am I a soldierAnd can it be thatAnd can I yet delay	222
And let this feeble	120
A rise my soul	209
Arise, my soul	183
Ashamed to be a	
Asleep in Jesus As white as snow	149
As white as snow	. 9
As nants the heart	75
A wake my soul to BEAUTIFUL day, lovely	227
BRAHTIEUT, day, lovely	29
Rahald a etranger	54
Behold a stranger Behold the throne of grace Blest be the tie	171
benoid the throne or grace	1/4
Blest be the tie	226
By cool Siloam's	157
By thy birth and by thy	186
Burst, ve emerald gates	178
Case thy bread upon	192
Children of the	181
Charlet of the hand	101
Christ in me the hope	49
Come, Holy Spirit	151
Come, my soul, thy suit	69
Come, needy sinners	89
Come, thou Almighty King	74
Come thou fount	191
Blest be the tie	214
O	000
Come, trempling sinner Come, ye sinners	
Come, ye sinners	207
Come, ye that love the	103
	125
Depth of mercy	187
Down at the cross where.	34
Examposer is Loone now	211
E . T. A.	000
FATHER, I stretch my	220
Father of mercies, in thy From every stormy wind	152
From every stormy wind	150
From Greenland's 13V	184
From worldly thought	52
GLORIOUS things of thee	94
God is love his morey	130
GLORIOUS things of thee God is love, his mercy God shall charge his	93
Crease It is a slower in a	
Grace, tis a charming	170
Great God, attend while	137
Grace, 't is a charming Great God, attend while HARK, the voice of Jesus Hasten sinner to be wise	203
Hasten, sinner, to be wise.	180
Hear the royal	57
Hear you not the Savior	92
Heavauly Eather grant	190
Holoodoth mo	
He leadeth me Holy Bible, book divine Holy Spirit faithful Hope has left me How firm a foundation How happy every child How sweet the name	76
nois pipie, book divine	176
Holy Spirit faithful	127
Hope has left me	28
How firm a foundation	87
How happy every child	164
How sweet the name	219
Hundreds of yours	10
Hundreds of years	19
AM coming to the	217
	200
I am far frae my hame	126
I am saved	126 15

am waiting, 0 my	55
am waiting, 0 mybelieve that God inbring my sins to theef the way be full of fyou can not be a gave my life for theehave a Saviorhave work enough.	32
bring my sins to thee	63
f the way be full of	64
f you can not be a	119
gave my life for thee	80
have a Savior	10
have work enough	62
heard the voice of	35
hear the Savior	228
heard the voice of	56
know not what shall know that heavenknow that my Redeemer love thy kingdomlove to tell the story	6
know that my Redeemer	143
love thy kingdom	167
love to tell the story	96
m glad salvation	169
'm not ashamed	156
n a world so full	85
need thy presence	103
n the cross of Christ	132
n the world ye shall	38
nto the world a light	105
remember a voice	45
rest my soul onsaw a way-worn	188
saw a way-worn	133
've found a friend 've reached the land	8
've reached the land	14
	16
was once far away	123
will sing you a song	107
was once far away will sing you a song will take my cross	21
ERUSALEM, the golden	44
will take my cross ERUSALEM, the golden esus, from whom all esus, from whom all esus, I my cross esus, I my cross esus, lover of my soul esus, lover of my soul esus, my all to heaven esus sony esus shall reign esus shall reign	139
esus, hail enthroned	200
esus, I my cross	193
esus, let me cling	7
esus, lover of my soul	175
esus loves me	99 131
esus, my all to heaven	131
esus only	51
esus shall reign	136
esus, thine all victorious oy to the world	165
oy to the world	1
ust as I am Er earth and heaven	145
Er earth and heaven	210
et me goight after darkness	134
ight after darkness	59
ong my spirit pined ord, I am thineord, I hear of showers ord, we come before	97 146
ord, I am thine	
ord, I hear or showers	-66
ord, we come before	177
ove divine, all love	189
IANY souls on life's	58 39
Iethinks I hear	39
Iid scenes of confusion	224
lighty rock, whose	2
lid scenes of confusion lighty rock, whose Tore love to thee	234
Iust Jesus bear	153
Inst Jesus bear	128
ly days are gliding	223
ly faith looks lin	73
Ty God, the Spring Iy latest sun is	166
ly latest sun is	36
	212
ly path is dark	24
Iv soul, be on thy guard	173

1	
NEADER My God to thee	21
NEARER, my God, to thee No, not despairingly	1
Nothing but leaves O Uhrist, thou art my Of him who did O for a closer walk	2
Of Him who did	12 13
O for a closer walk	15
O for a faith that	16 16
O for a heart to	15
O how happy are they	10
O how sweet the name O let us praise	-
O how sweet the name. O Lot us praise. O Lord, thy work revive One by one the bonds One, there, is above all On the cross the Savior's. On the rock of ages. O sometimes the shadows.	16
One, there, is above all	202
O, now I see the	20.
On the cross the Savior's	10
O sometimes the shadows.	8
O think of the home	21
O thou, iu whose	10:
O thou God of my	193
O sometimes the shadows. O spirit of the O think of the home O thou, iu whose O thou, dod of my O thou, to whose all O that ny load of O to do something	
O to do something,	143
Out of darkness	21:
O who is like Jesus	103
O who'll stand up	23
Rise, my soul, and stretch.	6.
O that my load of O to do something O to love the precious. Out of darkness. O who is like Jeens. Say in Jeens who is like Jeens. Silent night. Simply trusting every. Softly on the breath.	18. 22
Savior, breathe an	19
Savior, visit thy	19
Shall we gather at	2
Should the death angel	8
Silently the shades	19 9 23
Simply trusting every	23
Softly on the breath	20- 179
Sons of God, your	7
Sow in the morn thy seed.	173 13
Sun of my soul	143
Sun of ny soul Sweet hour of prayer Sweet he moments rich TAKE the world, but Tell me the old, old The blood of Jesus	78 194
Take the world, but	33 233
Tell me the old, old	233 108
	216
	60
The light of truth is	232 117 95
The Lord is my light	95
The golden status The light of truth is The Lord is my light The morning light is The prize is set before There are songs of io	182
There are songs of jo,	182 111 72
There is a fountain filled.	206
There is a land of	$\frac{218}{163}$
There is a gate that There is a land of There is a spot to me There's a fountain	41
There is a fountain	90

INDEX OF HYMNS—CONTINUED.

INDEX: OF: TUNES.

BY PAGES.

ALL for Me 13	Hold the Light up Higher 52	Retreat 10
All Tears 42	Horton 113	Rockingham 10
America 99	Hursley 104	SAY, are you Ready 7
Amsterdam 41	I AM Saved 15	Satisfied By and by 28
And can it Be 95	I am the Light 24	Silent Night 77
Anchored Fast 55	[Believe 30	Siloam 107
Arlington 106	I do Believe the Savior 38	So I can Wait
As Pants the Hart 66	It is Good to be Here 82	Something for Jesus 12
Assurance 84	I've Found a Friend 9	Song Memories 60
As White as Snow 10	JERUSALEM the Golden 39	Steer Straight for Me 40
Autumn 119	Jesus all the Time 43	Stowell 117
Azmon107	Jesus' Blood 85	St. Thomas 110
BARTIMEUS 100	Jesus of Nazareth 89	Strike for the Victory 92
Beulah Land 14	Jesus Only 45	TPATCHER 111
Beautiful Day 27	Jesus Reigns 51	The Beloved 83
CARMARTHEN 122	Jesus will Give you Rest 11	The Hallowed Spot 37
Cleansing Wave 120	KYNETT	The Joy of Service 97
Cleft for Mo 4	LABAN 111	The Lord is Come 3
Close to Thee 91	Lamb of Calvary 65	The Lord is my Light 80
Come closer, Soul, to Me 35	Leaving all, I follow Thee 21	The Mercy-seat 46
Come to Jesus 121	Lenox 122	The New Song 64
Coronation 108	Let me Cling to Thee 8	The Old, Old Story 19
Cross and Crown 106	Light after Darkness 53	The Rock that is Higher 71
Daily Victory 16	Linger no Longer 75	The Standard of the Cross 36
Deliverance will Come 102	Lord of All 63	The Star of Bethlehem 100
Disciple 117	Lost and Saved 26	The Stranger at the Door 48
Down at the Cross 32	Love Divine 116	The Voice of Jesus 33
Duane Street 101	Lovest thou Me 93	There'll be Joy By and by 90
Duke Street 103	MARTYN 112	There's a Land far Away 70
Ere the Sun Goes Down 56	Merdin 113	Thy Light is Come 47
Ever Flowing 76	Memory 119	To Him be all the Glory 6
Evergreen Mountains 22	Missionary Hymn 114	Toplady 115
FOLLOW Me 78	My ain Countrie 98	Tribulation 34
For Me 69	My all to Thee 57	Triumph By and by 88
From Death unto Life 44	My Goal is Christ 20	VARINA 109
GATHERING One by One 29	No Crumb for Me 59	WAITING for the Light 49
Give me Jesus 31	No, not Despairingly 17	Watch and Pray 120
Go to Jesus 5	Not Knowing 50	Weary Not 58
Guide 99	O How Precious 18	Webb 114
HALLELUJAH I'll Sing 87	One Step More 68	We shall Rest, By and by. 62
Hamburg 104	Only Jesus Crucified 94	We're Marching to Zion 86
Happy Zion 118	Oron 115	What of the Night 41
Harp 108	O thou God of my Salva'n 118	Where are thy Sheaves 51
Heavenly Shore 110	PEORIA 109	While the Years are 72
Heaven Whispers 23	Prospect94	Whosoever Will 121
Hendon 112	RATHBUN 101	ZION 118







ACTON CAMP-MEETING EDITION



This Book must not be taken from the Auditorium. If you wish a copy for yourself, you can get it at the bookstore.

PRICES:

CLOTH, 30 cents per copy; \$3 per dozen; \$24 per hundred.

BOARD 25 cents per copy; \$2.50 per dozen, \$20 per hundred.

PAPER. 20 cents per co. y; \$2 per dozen \$16 per hundred.

HITCHCOCK & WALDEN.

Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis.